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. F. Buckley Jr. and
John McLaughlin on
EAGAN'S MIDEAST PLAN

OCTOBER 1, 1982

NATIONAL REVIEW

What? Mr. Brown Goes to Washington?

A California Survey by Richard Brookhiser

MR E ROY SMITH
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COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

A Memo to the Freshman Class

From David Frum

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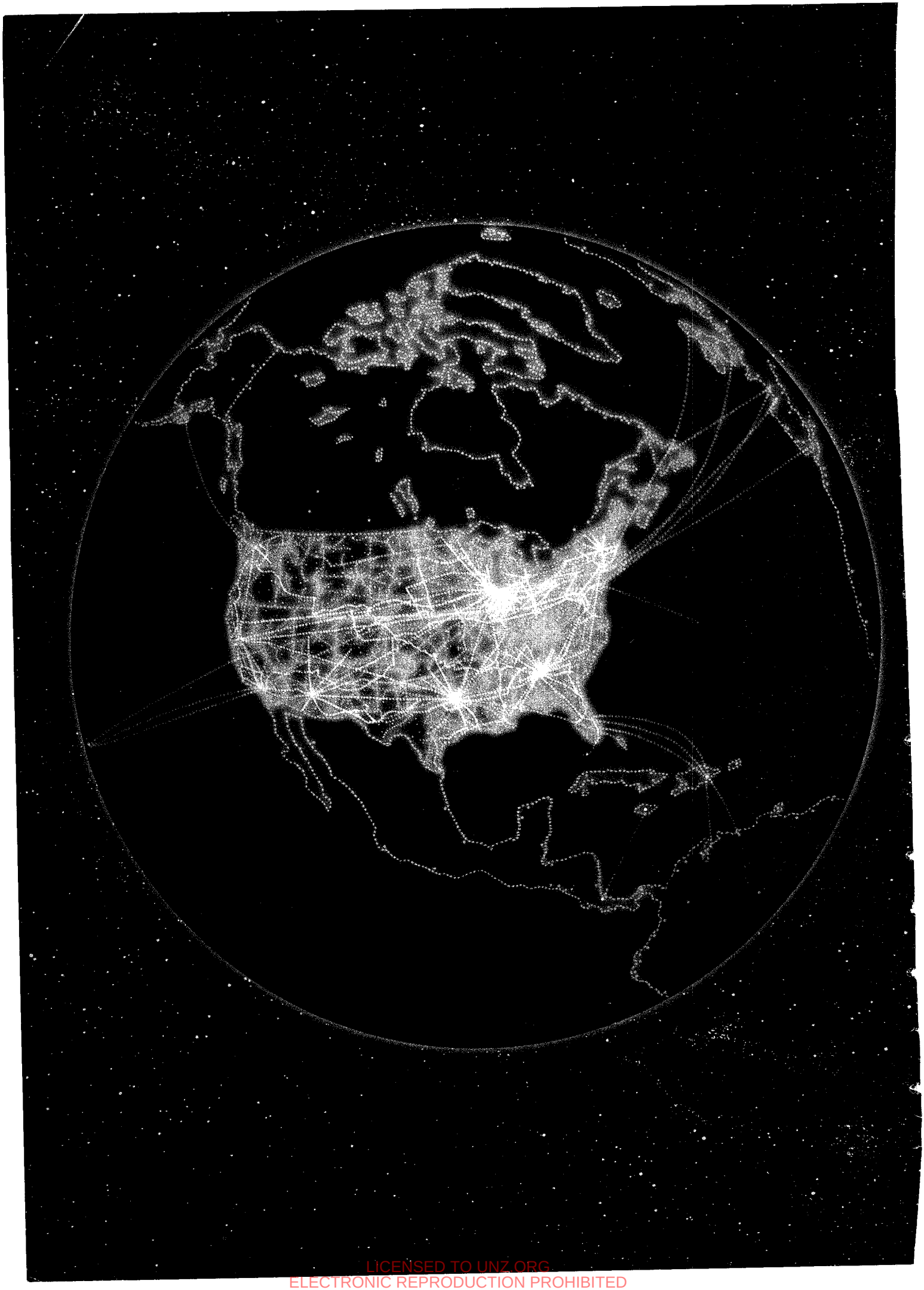

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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1204 The Browning of California
He has survived Proposition 13 and the Medfly. His campaign slogan should be Om. Everyone keeps pronouncing him politically dead. This year he has, in effect, *two* opponents, not counting Johnny Carson. Is Jerry Brown finally approaching the early demise that is so long overdue? Or will he roar into Washington triumphantly, as *Senator* Moonbeam? *Richard Brookhiser*

1208 A Memo to the Freshman Class
Yale is a university of iridescent liberalism: left-wing liberalism at times, right-leaning liberalism today. A big improvement but . . . *David Frum*

1213 . . . and Baby Makes Three
"The People's Security Command of Ho Chi Minh City hereby orders: 1) That the home of Tran Duy Cat, pen name Dang Giao, and his wife Chu Vi Thuy, daughter of the notorious reactionary Chu Tu, be searched and that all suspect objects found therein be confiscated. 2) That the two above-named be arrested for their many activities against the people. . . . 3) That the forenamed be tried under the law of March 1976." *Doan Van Toai*

1215 An Informal Letter from Spain
. . . where things are going not at all well. Vermán Rodríguez Mendaza has let his *finca*, "Las Silencias," to the bookkeeper of a Saudi Arabian prince. Emilio Tarradellas, the sole support of his idle in-laws, the Marquises de Olla Podrida, is out of work. Nuño Delitosa's French wife, Nanette, has left him to become a lesbian. Worst of all, there's an election coming up. *Peter Crumpet*

1221 In Praise of Sewanee
Gothic architecture, gowned professors, even a pub —the University of the South is like an Oxford in the Cumberlands. *Barbara Wilbur*

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1223 Is Reaganism already passé? Are we headed into a *Post-Conservative America*? Kevin Phillips says yes, yes. **Joseph Sobran** has doubts. . . . Ronnie Dugger's new bio of LBJ tells all he knows, and then some, notes **William Murchison**. . . . **D. Keith Mano** assesses Jeffrey Hart's reassessment of the Fifties, and approves his approval. . . . Selden Rodman explores the paradoxes of popular art in *Artists in Tune with Their World*; a must, says **Ruth Berenson**. . . . **Terry Teachout** assays G. K. Chesterton's contribution to detective literature. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** listens to four masters of piano jazz. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** says not to believe what you've heard about Rome: Italians are highly competent, for one thing.

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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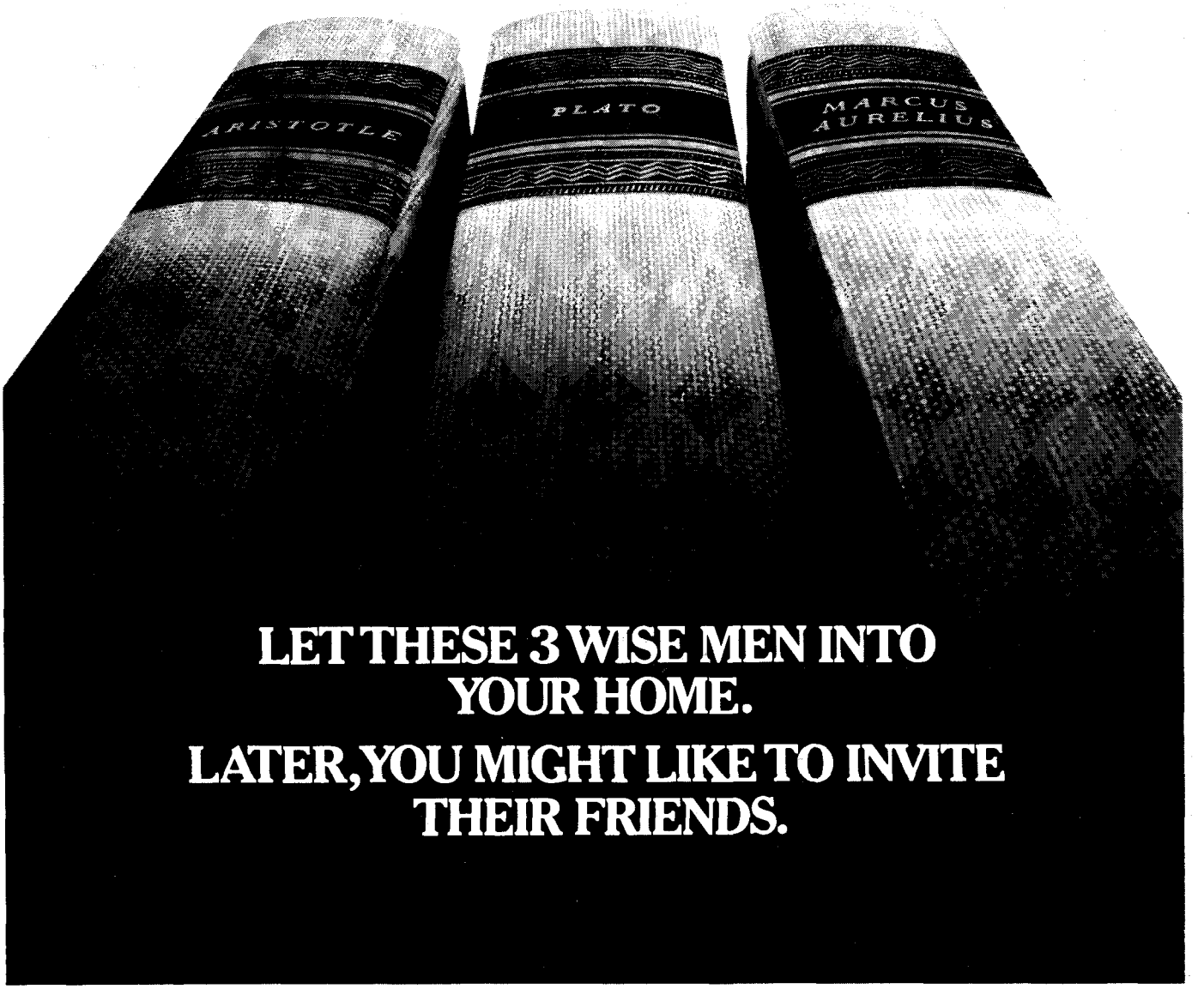

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Letters

Interpretivism Interpreted

Robert Bork, in "The Struggle over the Role of the Court" [Sept. 17], delivers a well-constructed argument for "interpretivism." While reading his essay, this reader could not but notice his choice of words and method of argument. By choosing certain words and constructions, Mr. Bork conveys to us his interpretation, intelligence, and values. As he receives information to write the article, he interprets the material. As we read his writing, we receive his message imbued with his bias, and yet with ours superimposed on it. We can read no other way.

Max Weber, the sociologist, was one of many to tell us that no argument is objective, no science is pure, and nothing is without interpretation. A judge who believes that he or she is adhering to "strict construction" is misguided. Just as we can perceive no picture which is not literally distorted by our perception of it through our natural lenses, so we can never read words and understand the author's true intention. We cannot "reveal" the real intent of the writers of the Constitution, for with each reading, we "re-veil" it. We strive to "recover" the initial meaning, but in fact, we only "re-cover" it with a new veil of interpretation.

Gentrification of the Constitution is nothing new. The words the writers chose and the manner in which they drafted the Constitution transmit to us the values of the time, of the authors, and of the environment, but not in their pure sense. Since its first draft, the Constitution has been gentrified; it has been interpreted by the university-educated upper-middle-class judges. Ironically, Mr. Bork cannot be a member of the school of interpretivism, because every act of reading or writing he does is an act of interpretation. We cannot cast away the layers of gentrification and return to "strict construction" because there is none. I suggest that interpretivism be reinterpreted.

H. Elizabeth Meehan
Fall River, Mass.

Crisis of Confidence

Michael Novak's "Arms and the Poor" [Sept. 3] was 100 per cent on target in its dissection of Bishop Thomas Gumbleton's lamentations on the defense spending issue. Novak's judgment that the American Catholic Bishops "mimic the partisan Left at its worst" is richly deserved.

Who elected them spokesmen for their flock in nonspiritual matters? And, anyway, if their judgments on matters of foreign policy and national defense are sound, why no retroactive condemnation of Franklin D. Roosevelt's drive to involve the U.S. in a world war when there was no clear and present danger to national independence? Why do they refrain from blessing the revisionist historians and the America First neutralists who strove to keep the U.S. uninvolved?

Meanwhile, on domestic questions of "social justice," the clergy passed, after Vatican II, through the *apertura a sinistra* to "dialogue" with Marxists and coexistence with Leninists, as Christian Solidarism was relegated to the lumber room of discarded causes. The same critics who discuss "moral problems" never explain to the flock how the authoritative papal teaching on social justice (Pope Pius XI's application of the doctrine of subsidiarity) could be passed over in silence while substitute programs offered in its place are to be upheld. Is it any wonder that there is a crisis of confidence between laity and the portside-tilting hierarchy?

Donald F. Barry
Middle Village, N.Y.

Patten Prescription

Re: "Conservatism: A Succinct Description," by Russell Kirk [Sept. 3]. How about:

1. If it ain't broke, don't fix it.
2. Them that works, gits; them that don't, don't.
3. If your neighbor needs you, he'p him.
4. The less guv'ment the better.

C. Louis Patten
Cleveland, Tenn.

Fourth World

Gann and Bernstam hit a number of nails on the head in building their coffin for Soviet Communism ["Soviet Vulnerabilities," Aug. 20]. Without such feeble ideological constructs as Marxism-Leninism and "new Soviet Man," the Kremlin's fiefdom of nations would be exposed again for what it has always been: the crumbling, archaic Russian empire.

As a Latvian nationalist, my hope for independence is based on the inevitable political dissolution of that empire. Whether actually imminent or not, the mere possibility of such an event (more unlikely things have happened) would have world-shaking consequences. Much is being written about the Soviet Union's impending collapse—perhaps it's time to start speculating about the aftershocks. What would the geopolitics be of a purely "Russian" Russia, surrounded by 14 former "Soviet republics," suddenly free and independent to pick and choose new friends and alli-

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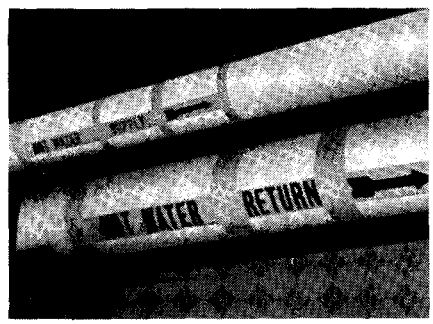

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ances? How would this affect the nuclear arms race or international relations?

A collapse of the Iron Curtain would reveal an almost virgin "Fourth World," ready to be romanced, ravaged, perhaps even "revolutionized" again, by new ideas from East and West. The social, political, and economic possibilities may seem endless and even awesome, but they shouldn't be unthinkable. We may be faced with this new Fourth World sooner than we think.

Ojars Kalnins
Chicago, Ill.

Clobbering Hobbes

Michael Novak, in his otherwise admirable response to the pacifist bishops in "Arms and the Poor" [Sept. 3], mangles Thomas Hobbes. Hobbes did not describe the lives of the inhabitants of developed European states as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Quite the contrary—their lives are "commodious and secure." Why? Because they have, through their powers of reason, established the Hobbesian state and thus escaped from the pre-political "state of nature," "a war of all against all," in which life is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

John W. Bowling
Troy, Ala.

Tot or Not

Your August 6 report in "The Week" that the mother of a Nobel Sperm Bank baby is an ex-convict failed to speculate on the baby's potential. With insemination from a noted mathematician, the tot will inherit brains. But the mother's heritage also is part of the designer genes. So when the child grows up, she will be intelligent enough to plan her escape from prison.

I'd like to enhance my own image as an intellectual by participating in the sperm-bank program. But if I contact that center, I fear the interviewer might give me a disdainful glance and ask, "Deposit or withdrawal?"

Marvin Alisky
Tempe, Ariz.

Lee's Misleading

I beg to differ with Nika Hazelton's review [Sept. 3]. Andrea Lee's *Russian Journal* may be important, but not for an understanding of "the everyday life of the people" of the USSR.

Preening herself on doing what diplomats (allegedly) don't—queues, buses—Andrea Lee nevertheless confined her attentions exclusively to the minuscule circle of a Slavic perversion of radical chic, with never an attempt to penetrate through to the country's real people. Her dilettantes and fops are as useful to an understanding of the society as an illustrated guide to Tom Wicker's parlor.

Much more painful is the author's two-dimensionality. Full of fondling attention to possessions and truly lyrical paeans to

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Looking Back at Watergate

Ten years ago, strange phrases began creeping into our national vocabulary: stonewalling, deep six, limited hangout, the Big Enchilada. These phrases and others, like expletive deleted and smoking gun, came to be covered by the umbrella term of Watergate.

We look at Watergate now that ten years have passed partly because we believe with Aeschylus that time teaches many lessons, and partly because we recall Santayana's dictum that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Yet Santayana was only half right. Remembering what happened is not enough. We also need to know *why*.

In this tenth anniversary year of Watergate many people remember that the system worked the way the founding fathers intended. But we knew that at the time. Indeed, right after one president resigned, the new president announced: "Our long national nightmare is over. Our Constitution works."

Yes, it worked. But why?

Certainly the courts, the congressional committees, and the special prosecutor were important. But none of them would have been effective if they were not supported by the people.

When the Supreme Court ruled in favor of turning over Oval Office tape recordings, the President was forced to comply because the people demanded it. Another president, Andrew Jackson, successfully ignored a Supreme Court decision against his plan to move American Indians west of the Mississippi. "Justice Marshall made his decision," Jackson thundered. "Now let him enforce it." Jackson succeeded because he had public backing. During Watergate the people backed the courts.

The people supported gavel-to-gavel TV coverage of the Senate Watergate hearings because of their desire to know for themselves what happened. Support was so great that the hearings received better ratings than the soap operas they pushed off the air.

The House impeachment committee announced it would not go to court to enforce its subpoena of Watergate tapes. The subpoena could have been ignored. It wasn't because the people supported the committee.

When the Watergate special prosecutor was fired and his office abolished, it was public protest that forced the office to be reopened and a new special prosecutor appointed. The new prosecutor had no statutory tenure. He could have been fired as well. He wasn't because the people would not have stood for it.

Had the people viewed the actions of the courts, Congress, or the special prosecutor as unfair or unwise, the President could have ignored those actions. The people would have supported him. The people judged otherwise and the system worked.

A decade's passage of time has prompted many to write where-are-they-now stories about those who took part in the Watergate drama. But Watergate a decade later is not about them. It's about all of us as Americans. And what we learn from Watergate tells us more about ourselves than about our system. Watergate teaches us that only an informed, interested citizenry can ensure that the system works. It's a lesson we never can learn too well.

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the senses (sight, sound, taste), she remains blind to all else. Her hosts ask why she is so materialistic and she cannot understand the question—and did anyone, ever, share three hundred grams of vodka with a Russian without metaphysics and the meaning of life? She is fascinated by a Ouija Board; but only as an aside in a panegyric to a few Russian hippies (*hippies*?) She does mention that all the *intelligenti* are religious—quite unaware that for the USSR's future, and ours who are hostage to Soviet excesses, this may be the single most important datum since the last time the Finland Station was in the news.

No, this superficial and ultimately misleading little book is nearly useless for understanding the USSR. But it is important for understanding the United States. This child of the best and brightest, this repository of privilege is interested only in the material and sensual. How tragic.

William C. Fletcher, Director
Soviet and East European Studies
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kan.

Methodists Maligned

In "Dark Horses" [Aug. 20] Chilton Williamson Jr. dismisses several million Methodist Christians as being members of "little more than a Sunday picnic society for intramural socialists." While the Methodist Church has made some "demands" on my time, Sunday picnics being one example, to my knowledge church leaders have never attempted to expropriate my property, with or without compensation.

Because I expect excellence from NATIONAL REVIEW it was annoying to read such fatuous remarks concerning my church in an otherwise well-written article.

Wilmar B. Bower
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Nostra Culpa

Perhaps it is useless to urge a dispassionate view of repetition upon the editors at NATIONAL REVIEW, a magazine the main function of which is to provide a universal sense of déjà vu. Viewed historically, however, that magazine is attempting something interesting: a readership fed on repetition. They (the editors) are not aiming at literary freshness but are trying to achieve a mode of paginatory equilibrium. Moving toward that goal, Prime Paginator Buckley has just proposed new editorial arrangements: a bi-repeated item. The plan is complex as to placement and is meeting with a variety of criticism. The words in a certain item are not new to the current page (*NR*, Sept. 3, p. 1061). They appear for the first time in the so-called back issues (*NR*, Aug. 20, p. 994) —at least for the time being. No one knows whether or how a bi-repeated item will work, but it is a new idea.

Michael A. Fusco III
New York, N.Y.

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

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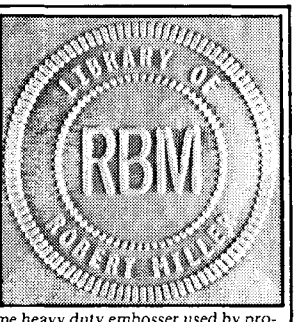

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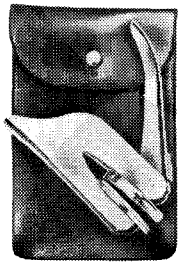

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The pros are not all that gloomy about GOP prospects in the House in November. You can discount Republican National Chairman **Richard Richards**'s statement that the GOP may break even, but Democratic pollster **Peter Hart** figures the loss will be in the 15- to twenty-seat range (as against a usual off-year loss of 38 seats). . . . **Clarke Reed**, the canny Mississippi GOP state chairman, points out that "if a year ago we had thought the economy would be as bad as it is today, we would have thought we would be in terrible political trouble. So it is really remarkable how well the President is holding up." . . . *Christian Science Monitor*'s **Godfrey Sperling** says 70 to 80 per cent of rank-and-file Republicans still back **Reagan**; four years ago, at midpoint in his term, **Carter** was only holding 40 per cent of his original Democratic backers. . . . Back in January **Lou Harris** polls showed Democrats with a 14-point lead over Republicans. Now it's back down to nine points, which translates roughly into a GOP loss of 19 to 25 seats. . . . Also good news for the President: recent polls show that nearly all the 44 Boll Weevil Democrats—mostly from the South—who provided margin of victory for last year's budget and tax cuts —are running ahead in their Districts.

■ Turnabout in Illinois where the last *Chicago Tribune* poll shows Gov. **James Thompson** now leading **Adlai Stevenson III** by eight points; Thompson had been two points behind. . . . In California it's very close: Republican senatorial candidate **Pete Wilson** is holding his 11-point lead over Gov. **Jerry Brown**—but he hasn't increased it. Why were people against Brown, asked the pollster? Answer: He changes his mind too much, flip-flops on issues, has done a poor job. . . . Republican **George Deukmejian** still well back of Mayor **Tom Bradley** in the gubernatorial race in California. . . . In Conn. it's neck and neck in senatorial sweeps, with Republican incumbent **Lowell Weicker** making it easier every day for conservatives to pass this one up or vote for **Lucien DeFazio**, candidate of Connecticut's spanking new Conservative Party. Weicker compounded his problems with Republicans the other day by saying he might support a Democrat against Reagan in 1984. In April, as **John Lofton**, industrious editor of the *Conservative Digest*, dug out, Weicker told an assembly that "the worst thing that happened to us here in the State of Connecticut was when we cast our votes for Ronald Reagan rather than Jimmy Carter." . . . Most recent **Lance Tarrance** poll in Connecticut shows Republican **Lewis Rome** now leading Gov. **Bill O'Neill** 40 to 30 in that race. . . . In New York, **Evans & Novak** report **Lew Lehrman** still seven points behind Mayor **Ed Koch** in face-off of probable major-party candidates for governor; they suggest Lehrman get off his current anti-crime kick, go back to earlier campaigning on supply-side tax cuts. . . . Victory in the Maryland primary for Prince George's County Executive **Larry Hogan**, running against Sen. **Paul Sarbanes**, clears way for Hogan to get $250,000 from Republican National Committee. *Baltimore Sun* puts Hogan 29 points behind Sarbanes, but a series of TV commercials favorable to Hogan by NCPAC should help his name-recognition problem. (Other polls show Hogan much closer to Sarbanes.)

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Do you realize that we've paid off the mortgage on my half of the house?"

■ Good news and bad: New director of Voice of America is expected to be **Kenneth Tomlinson** of *Reader's Digest*. Among his sponsors: Rep. **Jack Kemp**, Sen. **Steve Symms**. . . . Among Reagan appointees to the National Council on the Arts is **Allen Drury**, author of *Advise and Consent*. . . . The new Executive Director of Fund for Objective News Reporting (426 C. St. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002) is **Clarice Pool**. . . . And guess who won the **Albert Einstein** $50,000 international peace prize? **Robert McNamara**, **McGeorge Bundy**, **Gerard Smith**. The only reason **George Kennan**, the fourth author of that anti-Reagan *Foreign Affairs* article last spring, didn't get it was that he got it last year.

■ How the Left sees it. Two headlines on same page of radical (Socialist Workers Party) *Militant*, Sept. 10: "ARAB WORLD HAILS HEROIC PLO FIGHTERS." "WHITE HOUSE WELCOMES BUTCHER SHARON." . . . Or, take this one from Sept. 11 Communist *Daily World* in story on how federal agents in Penn. seized cars of former students who had defaulted on their government loans: "GOV'T ROBS STUDENTS." A non-Communist version of same: "STUDENTS FAIL TO ROB GOV'T."

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THE WEEK

■ Mao Tse *Who*?

■ George Ball takes a look at the Yamal gas pipeline in a recent issue of the *New York Times Magazine* and decides he dislikes the Reagan Administration's position. Dislikes it rather intensely, in fact. It is "crude," "compulsive," "cavalier," "harebrained," "vindictive," and "frantic." It is a "stupidity" and a "neurosis" concocted by "Manichaeans" who "mutter" and "sputter." On the level of dialectics, Mr. Ball wheels out five arguments: *bad for the Alliance* (a newish trope, popular ever since it was conclusively established that Europeans can be counted on to be wimpier than we are); *discouraging to Soviet doves* (an old favorite, the tacit premise of which is that the Soviet Union is bursting with frustrated peacemongers); *exacerbating Russian fears of encirclement* (those pitiful Russians, still brooding about the Mongols. How did the Brits ever live down Hastings?); *Russia is a huge and rich nation* (and therefore, in this case, invulnerable to economic harassment—though the real psychological meaning for diplomats like Ball is that anything large has to be walked around politely); and finally, *the illusion of equivalence* (the old detente policy, doncha see, recognized that "changes are subtly occurring on both sides"; like, the Soviets picked up three new satellites during the Carter Administration alone). George Ball would like to be the next Democratic Secretary of State.

■ Just think: a rocket was launched into space, and you didn't pay for it. Space Services Inc. of America —a Texas firm with only seven employees—did it with a mere $6 million of investors' money. The company hopes to provide "low-cost, market-oriented" services with future operations. The Soviet Union and some Third World regimes have let it be known they don't like the idea of private space programs. Then again, they don't like the idea of private earth programs.

■ "Radio Martí" is the name of the AM transmitter that will tell the Cuban people what Fidel Castro does not want them to know about the state of the Cuban economy, Cuban dependence upon Moscow, and the sacrifice of Cuban soldiers as Soviet hit-men in Africa. These, and other embarrassing subjects. But unless the Senate acts before adjournment in early October, the legislative process will have to begin all over again in the next session. The House has passed the required legislation, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has now passed the bill, 10 to 5. The next step is the Senate floor vote, but Senate liberals are threatening to filibuster. This is a potent threat. The Senate agenda is crowded, and the pressure to adjourn and get on with the fall electioneering is intense. Castro, meanwhile, threatens to jam U.S. domestic radio stations if Radio Martí goes into business. We understand Castro's motives. If you were a thoroughly corrupt dictator, presiding over a failing Communist slum, a vassal of the Soviets, and if you were sending your troops to die in Angola and elsewhere in pursuit of no Cuban interest, you would not want the news to get around either. Castro's behavior, then, is "normal." But we do not understand the motives of people like Senators Dodd, Kennedy, Zorinsky, et al. At least, we hope we don't understand their motives.

■ In re the tax raise: As Robespierre said, don't think of it as a guillotining, think of it as the closing of a loophole.

■ The current president thinks cross-burnings are somehow caused by the Moral Majority, while his predecessor doubted whether it was possible for a Black Panther to get a fair trial in these states. Clearly what Yale University needs is a good conservative student weekly paper—which is what, with the emergence of the *Yale Free Press*, it is going to get. The editors hope to "spread conservative ideas," thereby encouraging "an exchange of ideas which is vital to a truly liberal education." The *Yale Free Press* (6574 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520) starts publication shortly. The campus revolution inaugurated by *The Dartmouth Review* keeps on rolling.

■ All the folks who wanted taxes raised to reduce the deficit are *screaming* against the constitutional amendment to balance the budget (and limit taxes). Why? Well, the liberal establishment feels that it can eat conservatives alive if they enter the Washington arena, and can wave the Dole tax "reform" bill to prove it. This amendment is different. It's strategically profound: it threatens to lay siege to Washington, controlling, as it were, the valve on the tax pipeline. And no amount of congressional committee infighting, or media covering up, will be able to circumvent it.

■ Big government? Did somebody say big government? Not to worry, wrote Publius in No. 45 of *The Federalist*: "The powers delegated by the proposed Constitution to the Federal Government are few and defined. Those which are to remain in the state governments are numerous and indefinite." Publius, meet the Great Society.

■ Remember the Soviets' promise to halt deployment of their new SS-20 intermediate-range ballistic missiles? U.S. reconnaissance satellites have relayed photo-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Ronald Reagan is on a political roll, which was not stopped by the override of his veto of the $14-billion spending measure. Screamer headlines would have you believe otherwise, but essentially it was a Washington-only story.

On the Senate side, there are elements of mystery in the override, principally the fact that of the ten absentees on the vote, seven were Republicans: Senators Thad Cochran, Richard Lugar, James McClure, Dan Quayle, Harrison Schmitt, Arlen Specter, and John Tower. Why did these men fail to show? Why weren't they sent for? Richard Lugar and Harrison Schmitt are running this year, and since the bill contained several touchy social outlays, they have their excuses. But is there any excuse for Dan Quayle, or Jim McClure, or John Tower, none of whom is up for re-election, all of whom are routinely reliable, and any one of whom could have swung the override the other way (the vote being 60 to 30)? All of which suggests that Majority Leader Howard Baker chose not to assign this vote do-or-die status. Again, why?

Besides the above-mentioned Republican senators, fingers are also being pointed at two White House operations, legislative affairs (headed by Ken Duberstein, successor to the able and missed Max Friedersdorf, now U.S. Consul General to Bermuda), and Dave Stockman's OMB. "Sloppy staff work and sloppy strategy" is the charge being levied by congressional Republicans against both offices. Neither the Senate nor the House was served adequate notice in advance of the *original* vote on this spending measure that the resulting bill would be vetoed by the President. Had this been the case, both the Senate and House could have mustered a few more Republican nays, thus positioning themselves to sustain the later veto without incurring the deadly flip-flop stigma which, as it turns out, was what scared most members of Congress.

Anyhow, one swallow does not make a summer. Watch for more Hill/White House skirmishes over the federal budget. This $14-billion measure was just a guppy in the ocean of budgetary whales that are due to surface after October 1, the onset of the 1983 fiscal year, with its $770-billion budget. Doubtless Mr. Reagan will be set to harpoon some of these whales, which, Cato hears, won't escape. Messrs. Stockman and Duberstein, appropriately chastened, will put the word out early.

■ Since Washington moves to Martha's Vineyard, Rehoboth, and Santa Barbara during August, the folk here are still getting caught up on those Capitol anecdotes that burgeoned during their absences. One recital that simply will not quit relates to the long and hypnotizing Oriana Fallaci interview of Israel's General Ariel Sharon which appeared August 29 in the *Washington Post*.

The very first question Miss Fallaci put to the General was whether Yasir Arafat had not, in fact, been handed a political victory in Beirut by the manner in which the Israelis conducted themselves, and by the manner in which Arafat conducted himself. The General replied that the PLO had been "crushed" because it has been deprived of a militant countries." Then the Israeli Defense Minister added: "Last night Henry Kissinger called me and told me that a new era is starting in this region, new possibilities are opening for the solution of the Palestinian problem. Israel, he said, will have from 12 to 18 months to find such a solution before the PLO recovers." Three days later, on September 1, the *Post* published a response to this from Henry Kissinger:

> Since I have been traveling in Africa, only today (August 31) did I receive word of a refrence to me in Oriana Fallaci's interview with Ariel Sharon. Miss Fallaci attributes to Minister Sharon a statement that I telephoned him to tell him my views of the Palestinian problem. In fact, I have not telephoned Minister Sharon on this or any other occasion.

The following day, September 2, Miss Fallaci counterresponded:

> In regard to yesterday's letter from Henry Kissinger about the interview with General Ariel Sharon: the words, "Last night Henry Kissinger called me," etc. are on the tape, clearly pronounced by General Sharon. . . . I have sent a cable to General Sharon, and I have called in Tel Aviv his advisor, Uri Dan, who was with me during the whole interview and who taped it. . . . Very embarrassedly, Uri Dan has answered me that General Sharon was sorry about the mistake, that in saying to me [that he had] been called by Dr. Kissinger he did not really mean it, and that he had already expressed his regret to Dr. Kissinger.

—CATO

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graphs of three brand-new—i.e., post-promise—SS-20 launchers; each missile is equipped with three individually targeted warheads. With these additions to their arsenal, the Soviets now have 324 SS-20s pointing westward and ready for action. However, the international disarmament set shouldn't be distracted by these minuscule increases. The real action, as always, is on the Western side. Sometime in 1983 NATO's European members will finally have to decide whether to modernize their own arsenal by accepting the Euromissiles that they first asked the U.S. for in 1979. The missiles, should our NATO allies choose to accept them, are scheduled to be deployed in less than 16 months.

■ Pyotr Grigorenko and Vladimir Bukovsky deported, living in the West. Andrei Sakharov in internal exile, Gorky. Yuri Orlov, Anatoly Shcharansky, Vladimir Slepak, Viktor Nekipelov, Gleb Yakunin, Sergei Kovalev, his wife, Tatyana Osipova, his son, Ivan Kovalev, and at least five others serving long terms in Soviet labor camps. All suffering for the same offense: they demanded that the Soviet Union live up to the agreement it signed in Helsinki, all of them being members of the Helsinki Watch Group. Which, as of last week, was down to three members still at liberty, among them Sakharov's wife, Elena Bonner, and Sofiya Kallistratova, a 75-year-old lawyer, who had defended many of the Helsinki group before being involuntarily retired, now herself on the firing line. Her apartment had been raided, documents seized, an appointment with the KGB set for the following Wednesday. Not only was she on the line but she had been informed sentences now coming to an end for a number of the dissidents would be doubled if this "anti-Soviet" agitation didn't end. So two women—one

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very old, and one very lonely—and one old man issued Document 195—the last in the line of Helsinki Watch Committee documents—announcing the dissolution of their group. Leonid Brezhnev must be sleeping better tonight.

■ It was a curious time for the Pope to agree to meet with Yasir Arafat: the PLO leader had just lost big in Lebanon, where he bore a heavy share of the guilt for thousands of civilian deaths, mostly of Christians. Meanwhile a Beginite spokesman (unnamed) was quoted as saying, Well, what do you expect from a church that kept silent while six million Jews were massacred? A Vatican spokesman retorted that this was "an insult to the truth." Looks like the Protestants will be dining alone at this year's brotherhood banquets.

■ China took another big step back from the Great Leap Forward. The 1,574 delegates and 147 alternates attending the 12th Communist Party Congress in the Great Hall of the People in Peking officially ratified changes set in motion by Deng Xiaoping in the five-year interval since the 11th Congress. The action amounted to complete repudiation of the Cultural Revolution of the mid-1960s, abandonment of Chairman Mao's thoughts as the Party's official inspiration, and demotion of Mao to ordinary human status. For good measure, Hua Guofeng, whom Mao once designated as his successor, was removed from the Politburo—a case, however, of being down but not absolutely out—Hua remains on the 210-member Central Committee. One should take care not to overestimate the import of what was done. The delegates closed by intoning "*l'Internationale,*" and the newly adopted party structure is modeled after that of the Soviet Union.

■ The wrong Trudeau is retiring. Cartoonist Garry is taking a vacation from *Doonesbury*. Canada is stuck with the lesser cartoonist.

■ A dead man won the Democratic primary for constable of Pima County, Arizona. That's nice, but what we really need is five dead men on the Supreme Court.

■ Investigations have discovered that federal food stamps, the Department of Agriculture's own funny money, can be spent as easily as Federal Reserve funny money. They are routinely used, it transpires, to buy booze, prostitutes, pot—even houses. One wonders whether AgDep sent its finance minister to the International Monetary Fund meeting in Toronto.

■ A tax increase to catch up with excess spending is followed immediately by more excess spending to squander the tax increase. Surprise.

■ Speaker O'Neill, standing waist-deep in a hillside on Easter Island, tells us President Reagan was "stonehearted" to veto the spending bill, and stares unblinking at the sea.

■ And we say the Chinese *still* have a lot to teach us. If you can get rid of Mao, why not the New Deal?

■ Ciao, Mao.

The Facts of the Case

As we go to press, NBC has announced a documentary special, to be broadcast September 21, on the shooting of the Pope. It reportedly concludes that Leonid Brezhnev personally ordered the assassination of John Paul II in retaliation for the Pope's threat to Brezhnev that he would, in the event of a Soviet invasion of Poland, return to his homeland to lead popular resistance.

This volcano of a story is finally erupting. Like *The Gulag Archipelago* or the invasion of Afghanistan, it shatters the cultivated complacency of those who, like George Ball, call the Reaganite view of the Soviet Union "Manichean." The Soviets have *not* "evolved" into a traditional European power. The Soviet goal remains what it was from the first: to destroy what is essential in the West. We now have a stunning concrete symbol of that goal, and it is establishmentarian "moderation," not anti-Communism, that stands exposed as a sterile ideology.

The New McGovernism

On September 29, presidential candidate Walter Mondale will be the featured speaker at a homosexual fundraiser at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. The sponsors include Edward Kennedy, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Andrew Young, along with several other prominent Democrats. Tickets are going for $50 apiece.

The event is billed as the "Human Rights Campaign Fund" dinner. Now the human rights of homosexuals are not in question. The status of homosexuality is. At this point, we would surmise, most people want neither to punish homosexuality as a crime nor to award it full moral legitimacy. They most particularly don't want to make it an entitlement category, which is usually the rapid sequel of any official recognition.

What the dinner's roster suggests is that the Democrats are less interested in a sober "neoliberalism" than they are possessed by the incubus of neo-McGovernism. Like Ado Annie in *Oklahoma*, they cain't say no. They are as full of ideology as they are devoid of norms, having gone from the Happy Warrior to the

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gay militant. How will they balance their 1984 ticket when the whole party is unbalanced?

The Primaries

Two Democrats accused of sympathy for Reaganomics lost close primary races. Tax-cutting Massachusetts Governor Edward J. King was beaten by liberal former Governor Michael Dukakis (whom King had beaten four years ago), while Nevada Senator Howard Cannon turned back a challenge from Boll Weevil Representative James Santini. Dukakis will go against Boston Brahmin John Winthrop Sears; Cannon will have a hard run against Chic Hecht, a former state senator. In Vermont, Senator Robert Stafford, liberalish Republican, defeated Stewart Ledbetter and former Reagan domestic-policy aide John McClaughry. John Sununu, an engineering professor once considered by Reagan for Secretary of Energy, won the Republican nod in New Hampshire to go against incumbent Governor Hugh Gallen.

In Minnesota, Eugene McCarthy could not come back against liberal department-store heir Mark Dayton, in a fight to challenge Republican Senator David Durenberger. In the state's gubernatorial primary, Warren Spannaus, a Mondale ally and pick of the weakened Democratic-Farmer-Labor organization, lost to former Governor Rudy Perpich. Wheelock Whitney, an old friend of George Bush, won an upset on the Republican side. In Wisconsin, where the state legislature had drafted a referendum on a mutual, verifiable nuclear freeze, free-spending pro-freezers won a 3 to 1 victory.

In Western races: Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.) will face Rodger McDaniel, head of the state's 1980 Kennedy campaign; Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) will oppose pro-freeze, anti-Reaganomics Salt Lake City Mayor Ted Wilson; Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.) faces Doug Jewett. And in Maryland's First District, a write-in campaign for former Representative Robert Bauman fell three hundred votes short.

The IMF in Toronto

Mexico is widely seen as a financial challenge to the world's lending institutions. It is also a moral challenge—to banks, to governments, and most of all to the International Monetary Fund, which along with the World Bank has just held its annual meeting in Toronto.

The IMF is perhaps the closest thing around to a sensible foreign-aid program, which in itself is enough to make it a bundle of contradictions. Since it makes "hard loans," i.e., loans it really does expect to be repaid, it is in theory self-supporting. But its operations have expanded so rapidly that it needs constant replenishments from Western taxpayers. Like the State Department, it dishes out cash to Third World countries. But unlike the State Department, it demands that the recipient country set itself on the road to solvency and economic growth by agreeing to cut state spending, curb inflation, and stop propping up uncompetitive enterprises. Like a Salvation Army mission dispensing meals to temporarily penitent winos, it offers a free lunch on condition that its clients abandon the profligate ways that made them need a free lunch in the first place.

The problem is that a handout, even if accompanied by a thoughtful self-help program and even if clearly labeled THIS IS YOUR LAST HANDOUT, is still a handout. It drains the wealth of the giver, and breeds feelings of resentment and entitlement in the recipient, along with a strong urge to evade the self-help agenda. If a government is willing to help itself, on the other hand, it will usually not need the IMF's help. Brazil, for example, did without it during its 1980 debt crisis.

Most Third World countries grouse about the strings the fund attaches to its loans, which do definitely make it more difficult for them to exploit their productive citizens. When in dire need of money, however, they have usually been willing to accept the terms. (They cannot seize control of the fund, as they would like to do, because it is not a part of the UN system and has a voting set-up weighted toward lenders.) That is why Mexico is so important: it is trying to become the first country to take the IMF's money while thumbing its nose at the IMF's terms. As soon as the financial crisis broke out last month, the Mexican government went on a demagogic spree of ruinous, Perón-like proportions. It nationalized the banks, simultaneously slashing the interest rates they charged and multiplying the interest rates they paid depositors so as to ensure that the banks would become unprofitable. It virtually expropriated dollar holdings by Mexicans, dealing a decisive blow to trade with the

For Mr. Begin

Consider Istanbul, where once,
Before it faced the final crunch,
Another city rose to fame:
Constantinople was its name.
There, emperors who favored Greek
Observed the rites of Passion week
While, for a thousand years, their work
Restrained the Slav and stalled the Turk.
Although Constantinople fell
Before Columbus, Greeks still tell
About the fury of the sack,
And passionately want it back.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A Real Surprise

The Dutch, whose kids eat Gouda cheese
Through hair descending to their knees
And grin at sin,
Went to the polls the other day,
Gave liberals the heave, and may
Let missiles in.

W. H. VON DREELE

United States. It appointed a Marxist critic of the IMF to head its central bank. Then, having done the most it possibly could to dig itself deeper into the hole, it began demanding that the fund start organizing a bailout. There is only one possible explanation: Mexico thinks it is too important a country for the West to let go down the drain.

It would be a tragedy if the fund blinked first and agreed to waive its usual lending conditions. Certainly the commercial-bank leaders could not make up for its lack of nerve; they have already discovered the reason lending to governments can be riskier than lending to companies, which is that when governments fail, the lenders cannot step in to pick up the pieces. All the more reason then, for U.S. officials to stand firm against any sentimental addition to the IMF's funding: the tighter the fund's budget, the more salutary the competition for funds, and the more likely the fund will keep its backbone.

Middle East

I. Sorting It Out

The early indicators are mixed. Much must happen, and much time pass, before it becomes feasible to tote up the effects of President Reagan's initiative toward peace between Israel and its neighbors. One thing, though, is sure: The President's ideas on what to do about the West Bank and Gaza do not deserve the contumely of the Israeli government's response. The Reagan suggestion—home rule and some sort of nonmilitary link to Jordan for the Palestinian inhabitants in conjunction with peripheral control for Israel—just possibly might be the answer to that vexing problem. It was offered in the context of a most eloquent, cogent, and complete expression of the U.S. commitment to Israel's security—a principle in U.S. policy persistent through eight Administrations spanning 35 years, and a mainstay of Israel's national existence. The scorn from Jerusalem was wholly uncalled-for.

Like a raft of words basic to Middle Eastern issues —such as autonomy, self-determination, legitimacy, and even peace itself—security is a rubbery term. Its content varies from simple physical protection against armed penetration to subjective assurance concerning the validity and total triumph of one's values. The connotation for Prime Minister Menachem Begin tends toward the expansive extreme—and the pertinent values reflect a conviction that Israel's territorial designs, whatever their reach, derive from divine decree, and therefore lie beyond the agenda of international negotiation. What the Begin approach insists upon from Israel's principal—and, in an important sense, sole—ally is total and undiscriminating endorsement, with anything less than that to be spurned and resisted as coercion. For Begin, resiliency is weakness. Such an approach—handy enough in conducting hostilities, but troublesome for peace-making—makes for difficulties between allies.

It is important, however, to see those difficulties in proportion. What Israel's prickly Prime Minister says is not necessarily the last word. For all the rigidities of its system of proportional representation, Israel is not wholly exempt from the dynamics of politics. There are other voices than Begin's in Israel, even though his at the moment is the authoritative voice.

The Arabs' recent collective utterances have not helped bring about a solution. Magisterial figures of Arabdom in conclave have an aptitude for making V-for-vindication signs and overlooking the facts of a situation. Such was the mood at Fez, where the Arab League's leadership met a week after President Reagan spoke. The locality was appropriate, for its name designates headgear of a sort worn in an earlier era to flaunt militancy. The communiqué issuing from Fez complements the no-compromise mood in official vogue at Jerusalem. Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, excluded from the Fez meeting because of Egypt's demonstrated reasonableness in coming to terms with Israel, has appropriately dismissed the pronouncement as a wish-list rather than a serious policy statement. Experts on the region profess to discern a toning down of acerbity, in comparison to earlier Arab League utterances, and to see in this a good omen. Secretary of State George Shultz will be busy in weeks ahead trying to learn from the Arab leaders individually the real meanings of what was said in concert.

II. Beirut Blast

As we go to press, the sensational news breaks that the president-elect of Lebanon, Bashir Gemayel, and numerous followers were killed when a four-hundred-pound bomb exploded in the East Beirut headquarters of Mr. Gemayel's Christian Phalangist Party.

A tough military man, Mr. Gemayel understood the political requirements of his country. Shortly before his election as president, he stated them succinctly: "What many outside Lebanon do not appreciate is how much the Lebanese—all Lebanese in all religious, ethnic, social, and economic groups—have learned

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from more than seven tragic years of violence. . . . Lebanon is a country of minorities. No single group can claim majority status for itself . . . The people of Lebanon must recognize that force has no place in the inevitable disagreements that arise within any country."

Prior to the intrusion of first the PLO guerrillas and then regular Syrian forces into Lebanon, the politics of that country represented a delicate but relatively stable equilibrium among the disparate domestic groups. Lebanon was a highly civilized country, and its capital, Beirut, was one of the most interesting and beautiful cities in the world. Mr. Gemayel's election held out the hope that this condition could be restored, following the withdrawal of all foreign forces and the conclusion of a treaty with Israel. Mr. Gemayel's assassination, probably at the hands of leftist Moslems, has dealt that hope a blow; but it remains, nevertheless, the only viable future for Lebanon. It scarcely needs to be said that Israel will never again permit Lebanon to be used as a base for hostile military action.

"Personally, I find the continued lack of confidence in sterling very disturbing."

López Portillo's Prescription

José López Portillo's last state of the nation address, delivered three months before he is due to step down as president of Mexico, can hardly be called a left turn, since that might imply that he had been following a right-wing, or even middle-of-the-road, policy.

A farther left turn, then. In three and a half hours, the outgoing president reaffirmed his support for the Sandinistas, and repeated the year-old French-Mexican proposal for a Salvadoran sellout. He accused the United States of "arrogance" in its Central American policy, and of treating his own nation as "an underdeveloped economy." He blamed Mexico's economic blizzard on private currency speculators, wherefore he imposed draconian exchange controls and nationalized the banks. (When López Portillo's predecessor took office in 1970, the Mexican economy was 20 per cent state-run. It is now 60 per cent.) Miguel de la Madrid applauded the address, one assumes uncomfortably since, as a graduate of Harvard Business School, he must know better, and, as the next president, he will have to live with the mess.

In a subcontinent wracked by political turmoil, Mexico has a weak army and police, a disaffected middle class, and a university system controlled by Marxists. The Mexican public sector, besides being inefficient, is a racket lightly cosmeticized by revolutionary clichés. "All the state-owned businesses," wrote economist Luis Pazos in his *Myths and Realities of Mexican Petroleum* four years ago, "are the private property of a group of government officials and [labor union] leaders who in addition to running them badly try to make us believe that said enterprises belong to the Mexican nation. The beneficiaries of the petroleum industry for almost forty years have not been the Mexican people but the privileged caste of leaders, politicians, and functionaries."

Mexico has nevertheless remained calm—not, as its oligarchs believe, because of extravagant social payoffs, but because it is not in the interests of those who foment turmoil that it should be prematurely alarmed. El Salvador must first be secured, then Honduras, then, most crucially, Guatemala, with which Mexico shares a five-hundred-mile-long border. Until then, Mexican presidents will continue to be feted in Havana—and to drive their country's economy, swiftly, surely, into the ground.

Taxing and Spending

Like Lucy yanking the football from Charlie Brown, Congress seems to make promises chiefly for the malicious delight it can take in breaking them. On September 10, when it overrode President Reagan's veto of a supplemental money bill, it yanked away any remaining hope that it might provide some fiscal restraint (as had been widely advertised) in exchange for August's mammoth tax increase. Having smilingly pocketed the tax-hike quid, it whisked back the spending-cut quo.

It was the Republicans who handed the President

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this defeat, with 81 GOP defectors in the House and 21 in the Senate. Some of these members were heard last month supporting the tax bill on the grounds that the President's leadership record must be kept intact. Others said that reducing the deficit was the all-important thing. Both of these worthy arguments were forgotten in Congress's rush to buy votes with its new-found booty. Milton Friedman's notion that the major effect of tax hikes is to pave the way for spending hikes became the most quickly validated prophecy in the history of political economy.

To be sure, some pointed out that Congress's supplemental package padded social spending with money taken from defense, which might seem to make the override more a straight-out liberal revolt against Reaganism than a dispute over the level of the budget. That would, of course, make the defection of the Republicans all the more inexcusable. More to the point: anyone who wanted to cut defense without boosting social spending would logically have voted no on the whole package, so that a yes vote can fairly be taken as a specific endorsement of higher social spending.

Given the bare one-vote margin by which the override passed in the Senate, the proper advice for conservatives is: Don't mourn, organize. Nothing is more unstable than a congressional coalition that loses by one vote. Unless it attracts the new support needed to win, or in this case to sustain President Reagan's veto, it tends to disintegrate entirely, resulting in the sort of hugely lopsided veto overrides seen repeatedly in the 1970s. The thirty senators who supported the President included such moderates as Baker, Dole, Percy, and Kassebaum; the 21 defectors included conservatives Grassley, Jepsen, Abdnor, and D'Amato. If conservatives are to earn the right to complain about these defeats, they should at least be able to deliver their own votes.

Solidarity at Two

August 31 marked the second anniversary of the agreement heard round the world—the Gdansk accords. Confronted by a determined band of shipyard workers, led by a bulldog named Lech Walesa, the Polish authorities recognized what no other Soviet-bloc country had dared to: the workers' right to form trade unions independent of the state. Thus was born Solidarity.

The union's second anniversary was actually far more significant than its first. This anniversary was the first under the government of General Jaruzelski, whose mission, since his December 13 declaration of martial law, has been to crush Solidarity.

Weeks before the anniversary the authorities began their campaign of intimidation. The government that came to power promising national reconciliation now spoke venomously of the "enemies" within Polish society—Solidarity members who have so far managed to elude the government's dragnet. "The enemy knows that time is on our side and will do everything to put obstacles in our way," said General Jaruzelski on August 24. "Its next attack must and will be defeated."

The "enemies," for their part, issued appeals for demonstrations and mass protests to mark the anniversary. Zbigniew Bujak, fugitive leader of Solidarity's Warsaw chapter, warned that if Poles didn't manage to demonstrate sufficient support for Solidarity, the authorities might be emboldened to ban the union outright.

In defiance of repeated government warnings to stay indoors, Poles demonstrated in 34 out of Poland's 49 provinces. More than 100,000 people took to the streets, even though it meant braving truncheons and water cannon belonging to ZOMO, the riot police who have earned the detestation of virtually every non-uniformed Pole. At least five demonstrators were killed, and over four thousand of them were arrested. Even the Jaruzelski government had to admit that the demonstrators mounted the most potent anti-government display since the December takeover. And it could easily have been more potent yet.

Much as Solidarity yearned to celebrate August 31, it chose not to unleash the one weapon that would have catalyzed Jaruzelski and his henchmen: the general strike. Having spent the past nine months accumulating power, Jaruzelski has been awaiting an opportunity to wield it in such a fashion as would most satisfy his superiors in the Kremlin. Solidarity's leaders have so far refused to give him that opportunity. In a letter written from inside Poland's Biololeka prison, two Solidarity activists—Janusz Onyskiewicz and Adam Michnik—smuggled out what amounts to a blueprint for Solidarity's underground existence. In the present situation, the letter said, constant, everyday pressure—"positional battle," they call it—is superior to all-out confrontation ("Common sense demands that one avoid battle on a field on which the enemy is stronger"). The Poles have digested the lessons of Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Whether they can sustain the will to fight the long, wearying battle that this kind of strategy entails is another question. But it is here that the West—its heads of banks and corporations as well as of its states—may prove to be something more than a pitying bystander to the Poles.

Here at the New York Times

Following the death of Wladyslaw Gomulka, head of the Polish state and of the Polish Communist Party until he was ousted in 1970, the *New York Times* published both an editorial and a full-length obituary in which this cruel thug was hymned as a brave man whose firm handling of Moscow prevented a Soviet invasion in 1956 and who came close to being the savior of his country: "A man of courage," said

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the editorial, "and a true Polish patriot." (The *Washington Post*, incidentally, carried a lengthy obituary that concurred substantially with this judgment.)

Not everybody at the *Times* agreed. A. M. Rosenthal, the paper's executive editor, wrote a scathing rejoinder, published several days later in the Letters section. While taking no responsibility for the editorial (as executive editor, Rosenthal is responsible for the news columns of the *Times*, and "as a matter of principle . . . the news columns and staff are totally separate from the editorial opinions of the paper"), Rosenthal apologized for the obituary, and registered a correction of both pieces.

The obituary, he charged, "was in many ways a distortion of history and reality"; its claim that Gomulka ruled "without resort to overt police terror" was simply "incorrect and an insult to all the Poles who suffered under his rule. Mr. Gomulka did preside over Poland's brief period of hope in 1956 . . . but quickly moved to kill the freedoms that blossomed then. Afterward he did indeed rule through the power of the police—uniformed, plainclothes, and secret. He was repressive, harsh, ideological, and his government stayed in power only because the Poles knew that its overthrow would mean invasion by the army of the Soviet Union.

"I regret," Mr. Rosenthal wrote, "that this distortion of history and the suffering of the Polish people slipped by our editors"—so blithely seduced into equating "anti-Stalinism" with "patriotism" and even humanitarianism. Bravo.

John M. Olin, R I P

At 89, death does not surprise. Even so, when the news came (a personal letter to the editor of this journal arrived two days after John Olin's death) it seemed not quite right, because John Olin hadn't planned it that way, and there was never a more organized man. Or did he? His house was in order—his business, his philanthropies, his personal affairs. Mr. Olin, when asked, in April 1975, if he would serve with James Jackson Kilpatrick as co-chairman of *NR*'s Twentieth Anniversary dinner, said he would be delighted to do so but would not be able himself to attend, because during the second week in November he was committed to shooting quail at his plantation in Georgia. If we had scheduled the affair for mid-July, he'd have politely advised us that in mid-July he reserved himself to fish for salmon in Canada.

He was that way. But if ever he received a note, or a book, or a greeting, which he did not acknowledge, it did not come from this quarter. John Olin was blessed by inherited wealth which he creatively expanded, devoting himself to industry, and to attempting to understand the freedoms within which industry, and employment, and economic progress, flourish. His concern for industry was anything but parasitic: there cannot be many Americans who, in their lifetime, returned so much of what they earned. To universities, hospitals, museums—but also to enterprises that sought to cultivate the understanding of what it is that made possible: John Olin.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their sympathies to his family on the death of a singular man, of penetrating intelligence and understanding, who never forgot his debt to his country. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

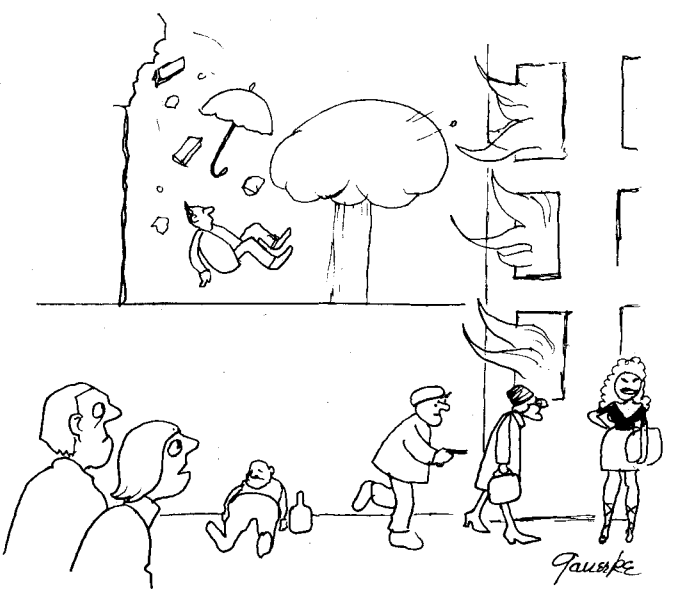
Another one for the oxymoron contest: "Business Ethics."

Warmest regards,
Thomas Okunewitch
Valley Stream, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hello. I have written you once before. I am 13 years old. Originally, I looked at your magazine only for the criticisms of John Simon. But later I looked at the whole thing. Buying your magazine may not be popular in all corners. When I read an issue in a car shop waiting room, a woman who had just come from the same bookstore I had bought a NATIONAL REVIEW in looked at the magazine in disgust and stomped out.

A few things in your very far right magazine offended me not as a liberal, but as a human being. I was



"Is this real, Tom, or is it a TV newscast?"

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Income Transfers

When you read of Argentina
  Up the creek without a dime,
Or the Mexicans, who wonder
  Why the peso doesn't climb,
Please remember, when the bankers
  Tell the debtors what to do,
That the dollars that they're dealing
  Once belonged to Y-O-U.

W. H. VON DREELE

shocked to read the cantankerously gimlet-eyed Keith Mano's column which used that gross, ugly term "dyke." I was revolted to read J. Sobran's column on "California Reich," where he let these viscous racists get off the hook as juss a bunch o' guys who like to do sum'm, and, gersh, they shore sang peppy songs, and ain't those swastika cakes cute? I was nauseated to read the caption to a cartoon that sketched a black woman as a Venusian monster: "Sorry, we've filled our quota for A-minus students." Ha, ha. Got any Polish jokes for us?

However, all aside, your cover story on "The True Horror of Soviet Internal Exile" was shocking in that none of us have ever expected internal exile to be much more than hermitage in shame. But, well, I guess it really is more than that. Your article "Can We Trust the Saudis?" was okay, but somehow I just didn't get its point. Where was the punch to it? I enjoyed the musical, rhythmic prose of "My Girlfriend Wears Chador Plus Jeans." Was that by the author of that "Funversation"? It sure beats W. H. von Dreele. How come you don't show any cartoons by major cartoonists except MacNelly in your "Help" column? Afraid they might show liberal themes? That brings up another issue: How come there's never a dissenting voice in NATIONAL REVIEW? Have you ever thought of putting in one—just one—column on the liberal, or, perhaps, moderate or radical view? Or must you cling to sameness and tightness of content? You've even got John Simon doing it. I agree with him (in his "Moral Disarmament" piece) that Donald Siegel's *Rough Cut* is very easily forgettable. That director has gone down, downhill in the past few years—how come Simon has never written about Siegel's overrated disaster *Escape from Alcatraz*? I have not seen *Carny* nor the Irish film *The Outsider*, which has never played in Chicago, but seeing AFT's *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* I can get a picture of what the modern Irish cinema must be like. Bad. And what was that gibberish you wrote about Carter/Kennedy possibilities? Eh?

Yours truly (and please respond),
Matthew Wilder
Des Plaines, Ill.

Dear Matthew: The answers to the questions you raise are reserved to 14-year-olds. You are doing well in the precocity line and will qualify for a typical *NR* reader. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I run a cottage-industry literary service, so please forgive me if I can't resist making a point about language. In "Don't Send My Daughter to Princeton" ("The Week," *NR*, June 11), reference is made to a radical feminist, Miss Lila Karp, and her "cohorts." A *cohort*, please remember, is a military unit of three hundred to six hundred men, one of the ten divisions of a Roman legion. The intended word, I'm sure, was *colleagues*, although I would have been tempted to write *co-loonies*.

Anyway, it's a consoling thought that the preposterous Miss Karp doesn't have enough colleagues, or whatever, to form cohorts, isn't it?

Cordially,
John Gillis
St. Kilda Editing
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Mr. Gillis: It is. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Will you or some member of your erudite staff take pity on my ignorance and enlighten me as to the meaning of *the*, or *a*, "work ethic" (*n.*)?

Now I know the meaning of *work*, having had a bit of experience with it in many forms. I think, also, that I understand what an *ethic* purports to be. I suppose that work can be ethical, should be perhaps, but it is often far from it. I am less certain that an ethic is "workable," though it certainly should be.

But what manner of creature is this coupled "work ethic" (I will leave stronger language to you), which is bandied about so ubiquitously these days (p. 221, *NR*, 1 Mar. '82), in proof or disproof, or support of this or that assumption by various and sundry of our social theorists? Like a lot of their intellectual jargonese it sounds good, but what *is* it, pray tell?

Webster, 2nd Edition, unabridged, doesn't illuminate. Under ethic, per se, is the mention of, "The more Puritan ethic of middle-class virtue," J. H. Randall (no relation). This does not seem relevant to the above in its current usages, even if elasticized.

Help! please.

Sincerely,
Dorothy D. Randall
Natick, Mass.

Dear Miss Randall: The term is short-form for: The moral assumption (ethic) that human beings should occupy themselves fruitfully (work). Those who do not believe in the work ethic depend very heavily on those who do. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Reagan versus Begin

THE EYEBALL-TO-EYEBALL faceoff between Menachem Begin and Ronald Reagan holds the city transfixed. Washington savors nothing more than the spectacle of two Titans straining. But the smart money is on Reagan.

Every day U.S. public opinion mobilizes more behind the President, not only because of the perceived reasonableness of his plan, but also because Americans want the endured costs of the Israeli act to have a solid, constructive payoff. Americans saw that it was U.S. weaponry the Israelis used to inflict human and material wreckage on Tyre, Sidon, and Beirut in the effort to eliminate the PLO. The details of that ruin are surfacing, and correspondents and congressional hearings will continue to unearth more data.

In early September, Beirut's respected newspaper *An Nahar*, the *New York Times* of the Arab world, published a comprehensive survey of casualties, disclosing that over 17,000 people were killed and over thirty thousand maimed, burned, or otherwise injured. Material destruction in Lebanon has been variously estimated at $3 billion to $10 billion. Already the United States has pledged some $100 million to rebuild Lebanon, and the Administration is currently reviewing a mini-Marshall Plan to channel more aid.

Footing the Bill

On the Israeli side, Mr. Begin's government estimates that the war cost $1.5 billion, with millions added for each day Israel extends its stay in Lebanon. Besides the Lebanese clean-up costs, Americans will doubtless be asked to pay for replacement military hardware—in addition to $2.5 billion for the 75 new F-16s ordered before the invasion, and the annual $1.8 billion in military assistance and $785 million in economic assistance we have been making available to Israel.

The Administration believes that public opinion not only will back the Reagan plan, but will demand that it become the instrument of settlement in the Middle East. Increasingly, polls show that Americans see a homeland (not necessarily a sovereign state) for the Palestinians as key to a settlement. The President's advisors see him staying on the crest of this powerful mandate, gathering support abroad as well as here at home.

What gives Mr. Reagan's tenacity of purpose its extra grit is the President's impression that Begin & Co. double crossed him, notably in a series of military pre-emptions of which the U.S. was not forewarned, from the takeout of the Iraqi reactor to the 11-hour blitz of Beirut in the 11th hour of Philip Habib's PLO evacuation mission, which prompted Mr. Reagan's heated phone call to Mr. Begin, and the Israeli climbdown twenty minutes later. There are few people Mr. Reagan doesn't like, one hears, but Mr. Begin is one of them.

Reportedly, several of the President's closer counselors now believe that, although security looms large in Israeli thinking, the reason alleged by Mr. Sharon for the invasion of Lebanon—PLO terrorist acts—was largely supposititious, the real reason being the Begin/Sharon/Shamir determination to colonize and, de facto, annex the West Bank. Mr. Sharon, a former administrator of the West Bank, saw the PLO as interfering with that process and so became bent on wiping them out (as he almost did). Mr. Reagan's advisors then urged the President to pull the rug out from under those annexation plans—pre-empt them if you will—by publicly calling a halt to the settlements. He who pre-empts last, one might say, pre-empts best.

Although George Shultz (who gets high marks universally here for his masterly behind-the-scenes groundwork on behalf of the Reagan plan abroad, on the Hill, and throughout the Executive branch) will continue to talk correctly, with sweet reasonableness about "the leverage of peace" pressing Israel into line, no one really believes this can be done without Ronald Reagan taking the buttons off the foils. The President will have to threaten suspension, in whole or in part, of the formidable financial assistance described above. With Israel's inflation running in the triple digits, its economy in tatters, the political unity behind the Lebanese drive disappearing, the American Israeli Political Action Committee saying nice things about the Reagan plan, B'nai B'rith concurring, and private donations to Israel from American Jews attenuating in protest, the Begin regime will probably not be able to hang tough for long, Mideast mavens in Washington believe.

The Reagan Offensive

Also there is a reserve resource for Ronald Reagan. One idea making the rounds is for the United States to cast the essentials of the Reagan speech into a UN resolution for introduction by Ambassador Kirkpatrick. Then, if Israel lays on more settlements, member nations would suspend aid to Israel. U.S. sponsorship would permit us, the thinking goes, to fashion and nuance the resolution exactly to our liking. Such a resolution would also signal the sincerity of our purpose to inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza, 1.3 million strong, who have been under Israeli/American rule (in their view tyranny) for 15 years, and who therefore need special wooing into the peace process. Notwithstanding the popular impression (both in Israel and in the United States) Yasir Arafat does not call the shots for that harried population. They call them for themselves. Since some of their number will probably represent the Palestinians/PLO at the peace table, they are as essential to the success of the Reagan plan as is Jordan, or anyone.

Perhaps the strongest sign of who will prevail in a Reagan/Begin showdown is the character of Ronald Reagan himself. Whenever he goes on the offensive, it seems, he wins—whether it is AWACS, the air-traffic controllers, or the deplorable tax hike. When the Gipper bites the bullet, he keeps his jaws tight on it until the surgery is over, which, in this case could entail the demarcation of the West Bank and Gaza as a homeland for the Palestinian people. □

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War Jitters in Europe

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THERE IS a new crop of war jitters in Europe. Such rumors and speculations are always worthy of attention, and the question why there should be a new crop of them is also, as the civil servants say, not without interest.

One should, for a start, distinguish between reports and rumors, on the one hand, and legitimate speculation, on the other. To look at the former first, in June, French intelligence was rumored to know of plans for an invasion of Western Europe. This year's summer maneuvers by the Warsaw Pact armies were said to be a dress rehearsal for the real thing, to be launched in August 1983.

More recently, that erudite Swiss review, *Zeit-Bild*—product of the East Institute in Berne, specializing in Communist affairs—carried an interview by an eminent Polish defector, General Leon Dubicki. Dubicki, who came over to the West last fall, used to be a military advisor to the present Polish martial-law dictator, General Wojciech Jaruzelski. In his interview Dubicki disclosed that Polish and Soviet military officers had discussed the option of a limited war in Europe, which apparently they considered a rather easy one. There was a plan, he said, to attack Western Europe with thousands of tanks while airborne forces of the Warsaw Pact seized vital installations in the rear. The assault would begin over a weekend, just as martial law was imposed in Poland.

Reds on the Rhine

Then there was a report in the interesting Canadian publication *Our Canada*, to the effect that reserve officers in the Baltic Republics of the USSR had been warned to prepare for war in the near future. This, said the report, would certainly involve immediate action against Finland and Sweden.

So much for rumors and reports. For reasons I shall explain, I happen to attach no credence at all to them.

Now, the purveyors of rumors and reports have a function quite distinct from that of strategic analysts, although they may incidentally contribute to the views of the latter, to the extent that the said rumors and reports are taken seriously. These analysts are saying in effect: Look, these are the dangers—are we prepared for them?

I shall report here the views of two very eminent members of this Western strategic community: General Robert Close and General Pierre-Marie Gallois. Robert Close is a lucid and particularly outspoken Belgian strategist. He was fired in February 1980 as Chairman of the Belgian Defense Committee, primarily because he was (justifiably) rude about the pro-Soviet views of certain Belgian parliamentarians and declined to apologize to them. He gathered together his thoughts about the Soviet threat, in all its military varieties, and wrote a book about it, published last year.

I shall not try to simplify his arguments, which are suitably complex, though clearly expressed. He did, however, make the point that if the Russians launched a surprise attack on Western Europe, *with conventional forces*, NATO's forces would not hold out much longer than ten hours. In less than 48 hours, Soviet tanks would be occupying the banks of the Rhine.

General Close's startling views were not intended to be prophetic. Their purpose was admonitory. He was telling the European (and American) general staffs and politicians that this is what would happen *if* the Soviets decided on a surprise conventional assault, and *if* the NATO powers did not improve their conventional capability.

However, Close also points out that one single salvo of the Soviet Union's three-headed intermediate range SS-20 missiles could eliminate NATO's nuclear sites, airfields, permanent military garrisons, anti-aircraft defenses—in brief, all NATO's military infrastructure—with no possibility of Western reprisals.

In several powerful articles, the retired French Air Force General Pierre-Marie Gallois argues that the Soviets can have no possible interest in a conventional war, which could involve heavy casualties and much destruction of useful real estate. Instead, they would go straight for the theater nuclear option, precisely for the reasons given by Close. Besides, he argues, the real purpose of the enormous Soviet land army in Europe is to *occupy* West European countries deprived of their defenses in a single, almost bloodless nuclear strike, without collateral damage to the environment (he says nothing about fallout, upon which I am not qualified to write). Now, I happen to think Gallois's hypothesis is the only one that makes sense from the Soviet standpoint.

Believing this, I say, yet again, that we are in a period of acute danger in that the Soviet leaders could be tempted to strike with the SS-20s while the going is good—that is, before the Europeans have deployed the new generation of American nuclear weapons, the Pershing II and the cruise. Hence the extraordinary resources now deployed by the Russians to aid and encourage the "peace" movement in our threatened countries.

This brings me back to the rumors and reports and why I disbelieve them. First, such noises suit the Soviet book perfectly. Brezhnev has said that the Soviets will not be the first to use nuclear weapons. It is therefore very useful to make the gullible believe that there is going to be a conventional invasion. This would make the new American missiles irrelevant, and would leave West Europeans in general nicely intimidated and in line for neutralism. In line, too, for the notion that the Americans had better bring their forces home lest their presence should provoke the Russians to use the SS-20s.

Deploy the Cruises

You have guessed it: I am saying that the reports have the hallmarks of a Soviet disinformation exercise.

Do I believe, then, that the Russians *will* launch their SS-20s? Well, no, because the present leadership is too old and feeble to take that kind of initiative and run the risk, however slight, of an American retaliatory strike because of the presence of a large U.S. force in West Germany.

Two conclusions follow: 1) the U.S. forces must stay in Germany (however tiresome the Europeans are about the gas pipeline); and 2) the new weapons must be deployed next year, or the war temptation in Moscow could grow irresistible. □

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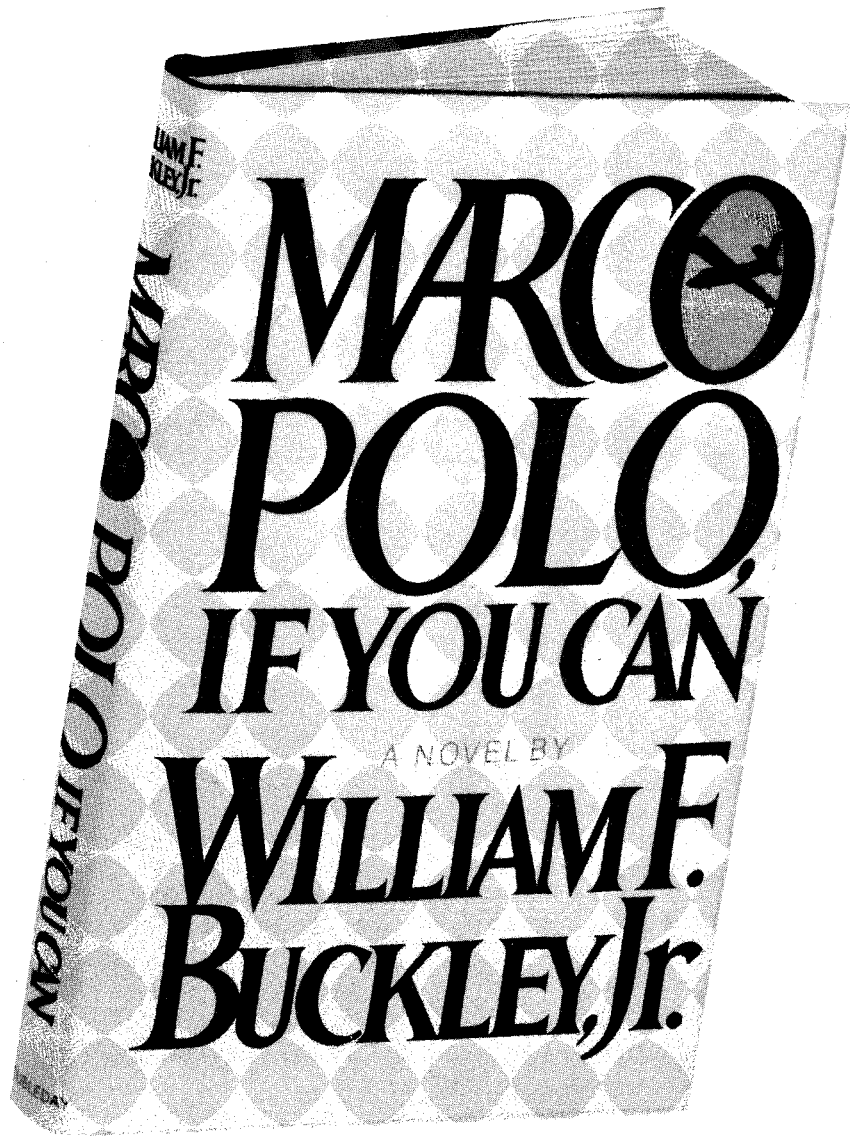

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ELECTION '82

The Browning of California

Richard Brookhiser

SINCE JERRY BROWN beamed down to national politics eight years ago, he has run for President twice—once not seriously, and with great success; once in earnest, and suffering total disaster. Political coroner's verdicts of "dead, by his own hand" have been pronounced over him three times, yet he has resurrected himself at least twice. This year, he has, in effect, two Republican opponents—Pete Wilson, who is running against him for the Senate, and George Deukmejian, who is running against his record for Governor.

The most common criticism of this protean and savvy politician is that he's a flake. He isn't. He's just wrong.

Edmund G. Brown Jr. was born on April 7, 1938, in San Francisco. He studied for the priesthood for three and a half years in a Jesuit seminary. But his vocation was with Caesar. He went through Berkeley and then Yale Law School, worked with a corporate law firm in Los Angeles, and was elected California Secretary of State in 1970. Four years later, he succeeded Ronald Reagan, who had succeeded Brown's father, as Governor of California.

The 1974 election produced a Watergate class of Democrats—Hugh Carey and Mike Dukakis were two others—who were billed as "fresh" and "bright." But Brown was positively phosphorescent. He lived like a graduate student and talked like an assistant professor. Late in the 1976 presidential campaign, he entered four primaries, almost casually, and won all of them.

Brown's schtick in those years—which he got out of E. F. Schumacher, or was it Cyra McFadden?—was "limits." He even grasped that one of the things the citizenry might wish to limit was government. Yet when the Proposition 13 *tsunami* came rolling in, he, like almost every other member of the establishment, stood against it. Unlike his peers, however, he reversed himself after it won. The people had spoken, he would execute their will. By the 1978 gubernatorial election, he had converted a political rebuke into a crushing margin of one and a third million votes.

Carter's incapacity tempted him to

This is the first of three pieces by NR *Senior Editor Richard Brookhiser on the 1982 elections.*

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Japan, Taiwan, and the island of Yap were refusing to accept California produce, and when the Federal Government threatened a quarantine, Brown was forced to yield

greater glories. For a heady moment somewhere in late 1979, he trailed only Teddy Kennedy in Democratic polls. But his fortunes collapsed even more swiftly than Kennedy's. He was reduced, during the Wisconsin primary, to driving across the snowy state in the cars of student volunteers. After winning only 12 per cent of the vote—his best showing that year—he pulled out.

It took him a year to recover his depressed political standing with California voters—at which point, he encountered a more doughty foe than Carter: *Ceratitis capitata*, the Mediterranean fruit fly. The first larva had appeared in the state in the summer of 1980; Brown forbade aerial spraying on environmental grounds, although Malathion, the proposed pesticide, had been used in Florida since the 1950s without apparent harm. But lesser measures proved ineffective, and the pest spread. By the summer of 1981, Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, and the island of Yap were refusing to accept California produce, and when the Federal Government threatened a quarantine, Brown was forced to yield. Mervin Field, the California pollster, called it "an incredible squandering of political capital."

Not incredible enough, though, to deny him the Senate nomination he sought. There was, for one thing, no comparably powerful figure in the California Democratic Party, while many politicians, even at the height of the anti-Brown vituperation, felt he might retrieve himself once again. In the Democratic primary, Brown faced the mayor of Fresno, a state senator, a former Grand Dragon of the California Ku Klux Klan, and Gore Vidal. He polled just over half the vote.

Pete Wilson was not supposed to be Jerry Brown's opponent. Only a few years ago, Wilson was a politician out of step with his party—a Ford Republican marooned in the age of Reagan.

Wilson was born on August 23, 1933, in Lake Forest, Illinois. He went to Yale and then to Berkeley law school, and served for six years in the California Assembly. In 1971, he was elected mayor of San Diego—second largest city in the state, eighth largest in the nation.

The city government during his ten-year tenure was efficient and innovative (one experiment: requiring work from able-bodied welfare recipients), but, away from his bailiwick, he was insufficiently conservative for the state's Republican rank-and-file. He campaigned for President Ford in the 1976 primaries, backed ERA and public funding for abortions, and opposed Proposition 13. In a five-man race for the gubernatorial nomination in 1978, he finished a dim fourth, with 9 per cent.

Since then, he has edged to the right. He still opposes an anti-abortion constitutional amendment, but his other opinions differ little from those of Gerald Ford's old antagonist. In 1980, Reagan named him head of the urban-affairs transition team. Two years later, he made his second bid for a chance to oppose Jerry Brown.

It was a lively race. Representative Barry Goldwater Jr. came off the blocks with his father's blessing, plenty of money, and a substantial lead in the polls. But he shunned debates, and was dogged by criticisms that he was not quick-witted enough to face Brown. (Representative Robert Dornan, a hopeless but energetic candidate, led the charge on that issue.) Representative Pete McCloskey, who fell 1,362 votes shy of beating Richard Nixon at the 1972 convention, represented the white-wine, quiche, and kiwi-fruit vote—the Anderson constituency (with one wrinkle: McCloskey favored recognizing the PLO)—a position which gave him a solid grip on one-fifth of the party, and no hope of expanding it. Maureen Reagan had style and charm, and a conspicuous lack of support from the family (her uncle Neil was Wilson's campaign co-chairman). State Senator John Schmitz, who polled one million votes for the American Party in 1972, but has since been drummed out of the John Birch Society for loose talk; William Shockley, the only candidate whose eugenic theories were more *outré* than Gore Vidal's; and Ted Bruinsma, a former president of Lear Jet, and perfectly normal, brought up the rear.

When this marathon-sized mob finally breasted the tape, Reagan had 5 per cent; Dornan, 8; Goldwater, 18; McCloskey, 24.5; and Wilson, 38 per cent.

The Republican seeking to take Brown's place as governor is the present Attorney General, George Deukmejian.

Deukmejian was born on June 6, 1928 in Menands, New York. He graduated from Siena College and St. John's University law school. From 1962 to 1970, he represented Long Beach in the Assembly, then in the State Senate. In 1970, he ran in the primary for Attorney General, and finished fourth. In 1978, he won the primary and the general election.

As a legislator, Deukmejian wrote the state's capital-punishment law ("If there is a better way to deter crime, no

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Brown's thoughts on defense are standard Democratic fare. On crime, energy, the environment, he is the willing ally of liberal special interests

one has come up with it"), and his record as Attorney General was in keeping. He led raids against pot growers, and objected to Brown's liberal nominations to the state Supreme Court. On the platform, his manner is sober and unexcited.

Like Wilson, he was a dark horse, the early favorite being 37-year-old Lieutenant Governor Mike Curb. Curb, who had been president of MGM records at age 23, won the state's Number Two post in 1978, and devoted himself to embarrassing Jerry Brown (he once appointed a judge while Brown was off in New England campaigning). But Deukmejian managed to convince the electorate that he was more *sérieux*. He faces Tom Bradley, black, 64, former policeman, and Mayor of Los Angeles.

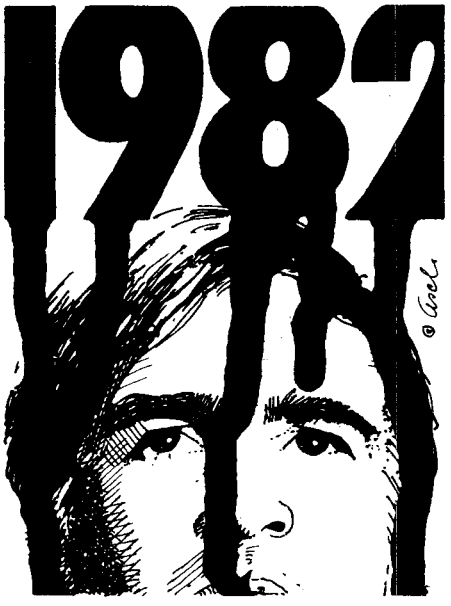
The Browning of California has been going on for eight years. What is his record?

Brown's state was the home of the tax revolt, and he claimed to get into the spirit of it. He came out for the balanced-budget amendment; in California, he abolished capital-gains taxes for businesses with fewer than five hundred employees. Yet he was unwilling to cut the state government overall. The result, this year, was a budget crunch. Brown supporters blame state aid to localities hit by Proposition 13 for the fiscal drain. Yet, over the last five years, the state budget rose by $11.7 billion —nearly double—only $4.9 billion of which can be attributed to the post-Proposition 13 bailouts. California continues to make welfare, Social Security, and health-insurance payments far more extravagant than those of most other states. "I didn't come here to dismantle the public sector," Brown told the legislature this summer. He didn't come to contract it, either.

His energy policy has been demagogic and fatuous, and of a piece with the mindset that generated the Medfly crisis. In 1979, Brown led cheers at a rally against the proposed nuclear power plant at Diablo Canyon. This year, when protestors planned a break-in sit-in, Brown promised to arrest them—that is, to enforce the law. But it was a disagreement over means, not ends.

Brown's judicial appointments leave him vulnerable on an issue that looks to be hot: crime. On primary day, Californians also voted in favor of a $495-million prison bond issue (which Brown did support), and an omnibus anti-crime bill, Proposition 8. Proposition 8, also called the Crime Victims' Bill of Rights, restricts plea bargaining and the insanity defense, permits the use of "the most relevant evidence" however it was obtained, adds five years to the sentences of repeat offenders, and allows victims' families to testify at parole hearings. Bradley opposed Proposition 8, Deukmejian backed it. Meanwhile, Chief Justice Rose Bird, Brown's most controversial appointee, will come up for a recall vote in November.

Brown started his campaign with plugs for a nuclear freeze and economic retooling. A month before the primary, he urged a "stop to the insane nuclear-arms business before it puts a stop to us. . . . Freeze the red buttons and the killer computers." In an Op-Ed piece in the *Washington Post*, he called for "a national investment strategy" targeting the "growth industries of the future: electronics, semi-conductors, robotics, bio-science, communications, and aerospace."



Other issues have come Brown's way, courtesy of his opponent. In a speech at Monterey in mid-July, Wilson suggested lower Social Security taxes on workers under 45, and lower benefits when they retired, as a way of revamping the ailing system. For someone who is supposed to take new looks at tough questions, Brown responded quite traditionally—by howling bloody murder. Shades of 1964.

Four weeks later in Fresno, in their first debate, Brown and Wilson switched positions on Reaganomics. Brown, who had been damning the President up and down, came out for the $98.9-billion tax bill. Wilson opposed it. (Of course, Reagan has been accused of switching positions on Reaganomics, but let it pass.)

Easterners probably shouldn't pass judgment on Jerry Brown. There is something in his idiom, as in the idioms of many Californians, that strikes them as incurably bizarre, though compared to the creaky barbarities of Kennedy, Mondale, and Tip O'Neill—all as fresh as Hubert Humphrey's socks and all routinely lapped up by tony New Yorkers and Washingtonians—Brownspeak comes off pretty well.

The only thing wrong with what Jerry Brown says is the meaning of it. He borrows the slogans of small government while fighting rear-guard actions in big government's behalf. His positive economic ideas amount to high-tech Rohatynism. His thoughts on defense are standard Democratic fare. On crime, energy, the environment, he is the willing ally of liberal special interests.

The Brown era in California is over. The Brown era in the Senate may not begin. □

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A MEMO

To the Freshman Class

David Frum

It was, I think, the sight of me reeling through the streets of New Haven early in the morning of President Reagan's election, brandishing two empty bottles of champagne and bellowing "Happy days are here again!" that suggested to my friends at the *Yale Daily News* the impish notion of inviting me to write weekly for that newspaper's editorial page. Which of these two events—a Yalie's daring to be publicly delighted at the election of a conservative President or the consequent invitation to write for the *News*—would have been more improbable a dozen years ago is difficult to say, but these twin novelties together show how much one university has changed since 1970.

Actually, my first venture into undergraduate print had occurred some months before. In the spring of 1980 I wrote a brief, bellicose piece about the Iranian hostage-taking. Nervously, I brought the column to the three-story building that houses the *News* and deposited it with the young lady who then edited the editorial page. She summoned me back a day later, and, holding the piece as far from her body as she could—the way a maitre d' at an expensive restaurant might hold a dirty fork—she warned me that the piece was liable to misinterpretation.

"Misinterpretation?"

"Well," she said with exaggerated solicitude, "some readers might find your language a little, ah, intemperate: they might even think that you were advocating the use of force."

With some chagrin, I admitted that I had been advocating the use of force. The solicitude vanished, and so did the piece—into the bottom drawer of her desk. "We do encourage," she said, "the presentation of all points of view. If you're willing to take such a position in print . . ."—a pause; it was my last chance to come to my senses—"if you've really decided on that, why of course we're prepared to print it. Call us," she added, "if you change your mind. You'll have plenty of time, for we don't intend to run it soon."

Despite that uncordial reception, and the hostility that my later, weekly articles often aroused, there is no denying that it was not all that uncomfortable to be a conservative columnist at the *Yale News*, or to be a conservative at Yale. There was some chivvying at dinner, the occasional abusive letter or telephone call, and, from time to time, an unpleasant scene. But civility, by and large, once again flourishes like ivy at Yale, and the intimidation of dissidents that was one of the most distasteful features of the bad decade 1965 to 1975, usually known as "the Sixties," takes more subtle—and therefore more bearable—forms. The harshest antagonism I ever met, in fact, came when a friend and I discovered and reported some abuses in the budgets of Yale's social committees: we each received obscene telephone calls at four in the morning for a week, giving us detailed and astonishing suggestions for the use of dromedaries.

Trashers and Panthers

Things were not always thus. In 1974, General William Westmoreland was forced to cancel, half an hour before he was scheduled to begin, a speech before the Yale Political Union because of the menacing nature of the demonstrating crowds. 1974 was also the year when an editorial in the *News* critical of Yale's affirmative action programs, as we affectionately call reverse discrimination, provoked an occupation of the *News*'s offices and the temporary surrender of editorial control of the paper to the occupiers. In 1971, during a strike by Yale's blue-collar workers, it was the picket lines manned by students that were the most violent—the barricade at the Yale power plant was doused with fuel and set afire by a student when a truck tried to force its way through the line. The incendiary was one of eight students arrested during the strike; all of them were given bail by the University. Student sympathizers with the strike roughed up Mrs. Kingman Brewster, wife of the then president of the University, when she tried to stop them from throwing garbage onto her lawn after a sit-in. The night before, they had trashed the Freshman Commons: throwing food onto the floor, hurling plates and trays, and overturning tables and chairs. The year before, in the great crisis of Mayday 1970, a mob of fifty thousand descended on New Haven to protest that leaders of the Black Panthers were being tried for murder. Student radicals voted the colleges of the University into a sympathy strike, and physically assaulted counter-demonstrators.

That kind of mayhem has virtually disappeared. The two dozen picketers at General Westmoreland's return to Yale

Mr. Frum graduated from Yale last spring.

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in 1981 could not have been more polite. The most recent struggle at the *News* over affirmative action was waged through letters to the editor. Knocking down Yale's new president, Mr. A. Bartlett Giamatti, at its last demonstration so discredited the movement to force Yale to divest itself of investments in companies that invest in South Africa that not a word has been heard from them in two years.

This decorum at demonstrations does not mean that radicalism has been extinguished. There are not many radicals at Yale now, but there were not many in the past either. Nor does it mean that radicalism as a movement is disintegrating. The present gang of radicals is no worse organized, no worse led, and actually more ideologically coherent than its predecessors of the Sixties. A large community of radical recent graduates lives in New Haven and provides a cadre of experienced and intelligent organizers. The Graduate School and the Divinity School are secure bastions. A newspaper, the *Yale Graduate and Professional Monthly*, nominally the paper of all non-undergraduate students at Yale, has been effectively conceded to the radicals. Above all, they have the money and the prestige of the Yale Chaplain's Office at their disposal, Yale's two great chapels as their meeting-halls, and the Chaplain himself as their leader, friend, and most inspired orator.

As well as developing its organizational clout, the radical movement at Yale has clarified its ideology. Single issues—"End the war!" "Support the strike!" "Yale out of South Africa!"—each belonging to sometimes mutually hostile and always independent factions, have been displaced by coalition politics and a common agenda. The homosexual activists agitate to have Nestlé's products banned from the Yale dining halls, and the nuclear freezers denounce the Reagan budget. There is one movement where there were once a dozen.

In almost every material and intellectual respect, then, the radical movement of the Eighties exceeds that of the Sixties. And yet, to the despair and mystification of the radicals, nobody is paying much attention. In 1970 they put up posters to advertise a meeting, and a thousand students would come; the posters today are just as lurid, and yet they are ignored. In 1970 they made angry speeches at those meetings, and they were lionized; the speeches they make today are just as angry, and yet they are seen as faintly comic. The radicals don't know what hit them.

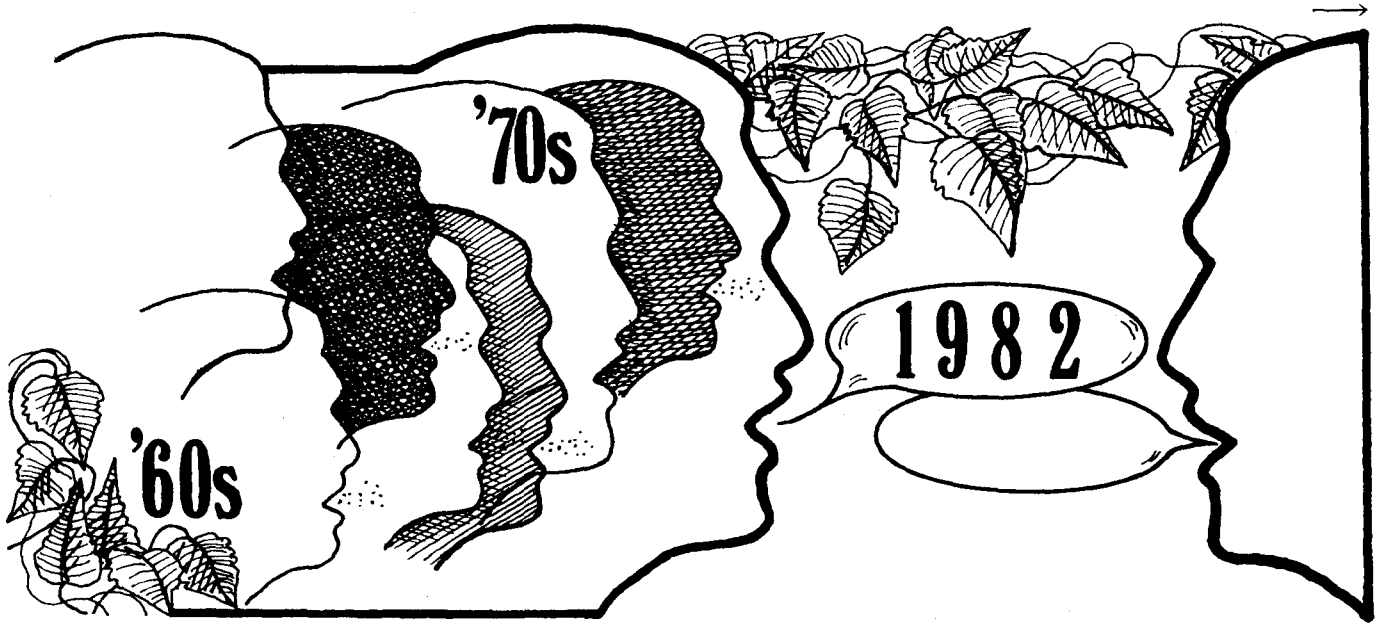
At an unradical school like Yale, radicalism can only flourish by battening on the liberals. The great majority of Yale's students are, were, and are likely to continue to be liberals. Sometimes they are placid, and then the radicals will be ignored, no matter how much they squawk, and the conservatives will make themselves heard. At other times, they get het up, and then the conservatives are silenced, and the radicals are heroes. As a result, liberal Yale looked very radical in 1970, and liberal Yale looks rather conservative in 1982. But the semi-official creed of the students of Yale is still a liberalism that has learned nothing and forgotten everything. The fervor with which the creed is believed has, however, abated.

The Uncompromising Ones

In times of perfervid liberalism, radicals have enormous moral authority. They are the uncompromising ones, the ones who follow their premises right through to their conclusions, the ones not afraid to go to jail, the ones who can never be called hypocrites or sellouts. Out of admiration for their boldness, the liberals become tinged with their ideas. A liberal may begin by thinking that blacks in Mississippi ought not to be denied the vote or that the Vietnam War makes no strategic sense, but in emulation of his dashing radical friends, he is soon condoning the Watts riots or the Vietcong.

In times of somnolent liberalism, on the other hand, the radicals become, well, tiresome. "Commitment" now seems more like humorlessness. The Che Guevara look looks silly. And, gradually, the liberals turn away from the radicals. What they turn to, aside from apathy, is a liberalism of unabashed selfishness.

The apathy alone is striking. John Anderson, although he was the darling of the campus in 1980, could recruit fewer Yalies to campaign for him in the New Hampshire cold than could George Bush. The selfishness is even more striking. The two hottest political issues on campus last year were draft registration and student loans. Whatever one may →



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A delight to read and stunning to look at . . .

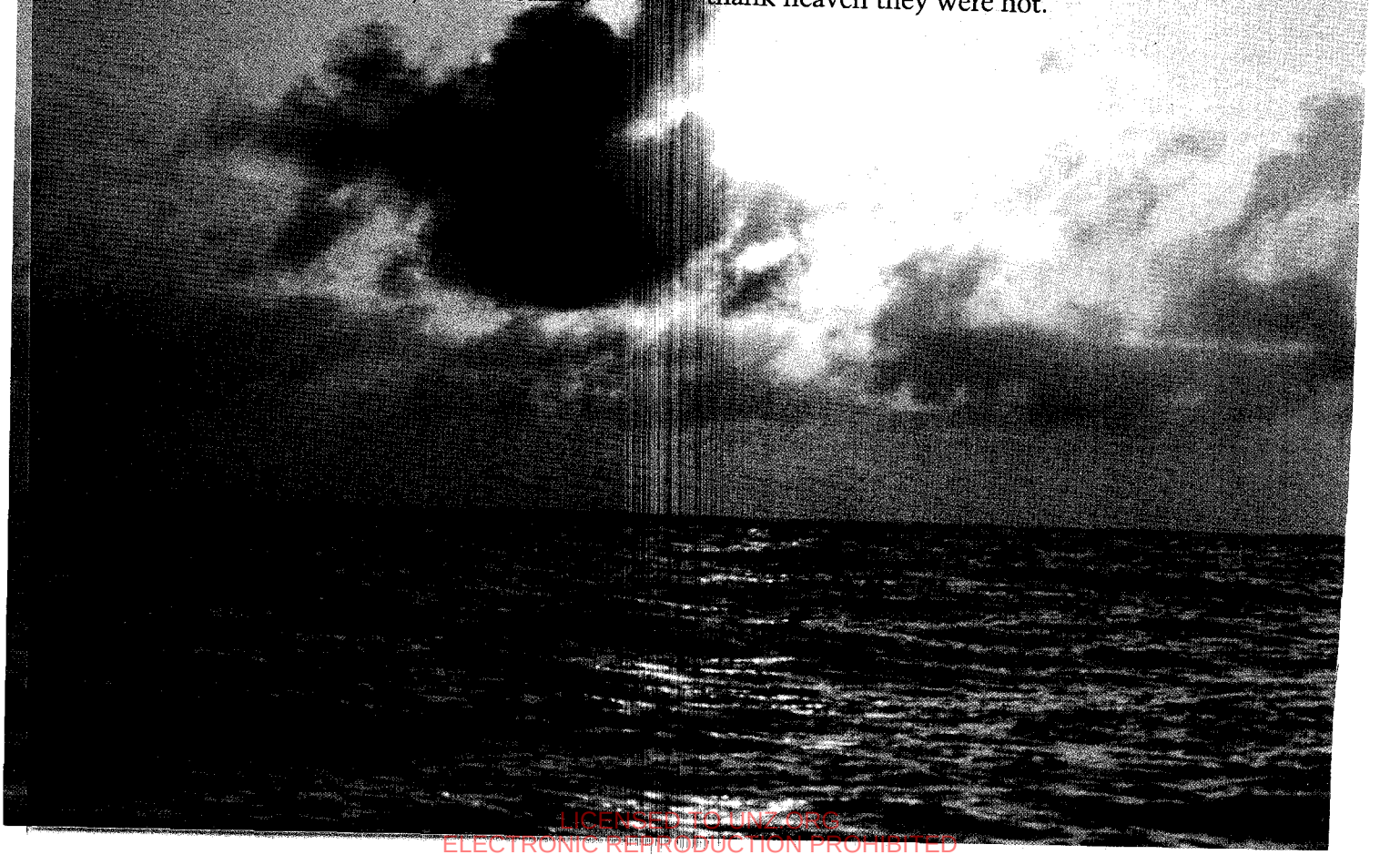
ATLANTIC HIGH is so much more than a book about a sailing trip. It is about a special and precious kind of human experience—an intimacy and openness that life on shore might need years to achieve. Mr. Buckley is great fun to be with. He's endlessly entertaining, gabby, opinionated, witty, sentimental, amusing, warm and knowledgeable. With consummate skill he weaves in reminiscences about all sorts of people who are his friends or whom he has met through his media activities: Charlie Chaplin, Barry Goldwater, Truman Capote, Howard Cosell, Walter Cronkite, Rosalyn Tureck, Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, Vincent Price, Dinah Shore, Clare Boothe Luce and so on, and on, and on."

—*New York Times Book Review*

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

ATLANTIC HIGH is a celebration of a thirty-day, 4,500-mile journey across the Atlantic, with William F. Buckley, Jr. at the helm. Accompanied by six close friends aboard the 71-foot ketch *Sealestial* ("pronounced 'celestial' by anybody who intends to board and stay aboard"—WFB), Buckley the sailor is different from Buckley the bestselling novelist or Buckley the political essayist or ferocious polemicist. As Kevin Starr said of *Airborne*, Buckley's first bestseller about sailing: "He is as arch and ironic and witty as ever; yet, under the influence of the water, he is also by turns poetic, tender, self-revealing."

Self-examination and renewal, friendship, seamanship, calms, storms, melodrama and rumination are the stuff of this very beautiful volume. Whether discoursing on celestial navigation or speculating on his chances of getting into heaven, Buckley is a provocative delight. With 93 expressive photographs, 20 in color, by shipmate Christopher Little, ATLANTIC HIGH equals and, arguably, surpasses the *Airborne* cherished by a quarter million readers. It is a book that will engross readers who will wish they had been on board, and readers who will thank heaven they were not.



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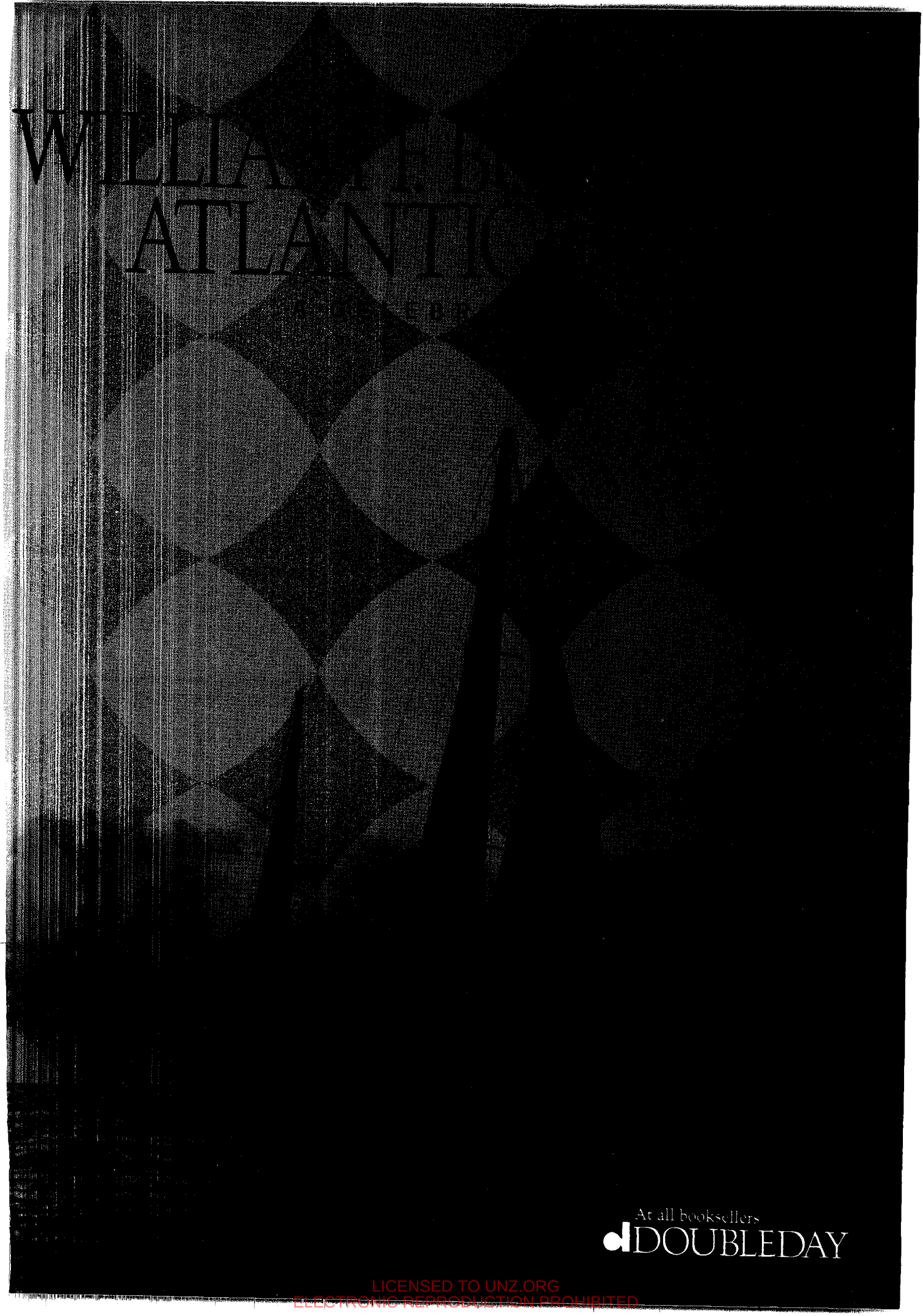

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think of the conduct or wisdom of the demonstrators of a dozen years ago, at least their motivation was sympathy for a traditionally oppressed minority and for those less privileged than themselves. The students of 1982, in contrast, want to let economic circumstance continue to force a disproportionate number of blacks into the armed forces, so that Yalies need not serve, and to raise the taxes of the less privileged so that Yalies may have cheaper tuition. Such a liberalism is not much more edifying than the hooliganism of 1970.

But why are the liberals so somnolent? The answer, in a word, is Vietnam. My generation of students, like those of the 1950s and 1920s, is a postwar generation. Like them, we are conscious of having just missed something big. Like them, in the aftermath of a war, we crave pleasure and economic security, not political excitement. Unlike theirs, however, our war was a war that America lost, and our America is the first to be less rich and less powerful than that of the generation before. The effect of this upon most students at Yale has been to repel them from politics.

Upon a few, however, the effect is to cast them into intellectual ferment, from which they emerge as conservatives. Not many people are involved—perhaps twenty thoughtful people who would, a generation ago, have gravitated toward the Left. Because of them, conservatism at Yale, although it may still not be popular, is not laughed at.

The Sixties' Two Wars

If I may assume the oracular "we" in talking of those twenty or so politically conscious conservatives and of the somewhat larger body of more silent conservatives at Yale—for there are not many of us after all—what motivates us, consciously or unconsciously, is the perception of American decline. No nation ever stood at a higher apogee of wealth and strength than did the United States when the last generation assumed command of it, and no nation ever squandered its wealth and strength upon more useless endeavors than the War on Poverty and the War in Vietnam. It was in our parents' generation that liberalism had its greatest political triumphs, and it was in our parents' generation that the United States undertook a disastrous war and concluded an ignominious peace, that it laid waste its economy in pursuit of a chimerical equality, and that it altered every fixed thing in social and cultural life, from the relation between the people and their government to the relations between the sexes. The failure was colossal. In almost every case, the liberal measures did none of the good that their proponents promised and almost all of the harm that their enemies feared. It would be strange indeed if, comparing the legacy the last generation got with the one it bequeaths, we kept its political ideas.

Perhaps the reason conservative ideas are suddenly attractive at a school like Yale is that college students of 21 cannot really believe that America's plight is as bad as it seems to be at first. Our conservatism is an act of desperate faith: faith that the calamities of the 1960s and 1970s can be reversed, faith that the effects of bad policy can be undone, faith that the decline of the United States is not permanent, faith that it is not too late. Our hope is not so much in conservation—for we are left very little that is enough to our liking to conserve—as in restoration. Conservatism, traditionally the party of realism, will have to be equal to the burden of becoming a party of hope.

To understand the conservative boomlet at Yale, you must understand one thing more: an enormous proportion of these new conservatives are Jews. Because of its endorsement of affirmative action, the Left is now the party of racism, albeit benign racism; Jews will always be adherents of the party of equality of opportunity. More importantly, because of the Left's infatuation with the PLO, the Right assumed the luster of the party that was Israel's friend. One of the dangers of the Right's symmetrical infatuation with Saudi Arabia is that the strategic balance on the campuses will be upset as badly as the strategic balance in the Middle East. Absolutely nothing in my four years at Yale did the conservative cause as much practical damage as the AWACS sale.

To be a conservative at Yale between 1978 and 1982 was marvelously exhilarating. In my first year, conservatism was still a zany cult; by my last, it was a lively minority. We do not dominate the campus by any means; we lose more battles than we win; but we have more to say and we say it better than our opponents, and our influence will not be negligible, either on the campus or within the minds of Yale's graduates.

Sometimes a visitor to the campus will hear a few of us among Yale's new conservatives arguing and philosophizing, and will compare us to the radicals of the early and middle Sixties. They too, he will say, thought they knew it all; they too wanted to turn the world upside down. We resent the comparison in the extreme. Unlike those departed fanatics who once seemed so important, we do not dream of a perfect world, or even total victory. We will be content to pay the National Debt. □

Second Sight on Traveling Light

Except by a maker of luggage and such,
Who'd probably counsel, "You can't have too much,"
We're told (for what reason I can't tell you, though)
That traveling light is the right way to go.
But say, when away, you're asked out on a fling
The right clothes for which you neglected to bring
Because you'd been brainwashed to think you must take
Just barest essentials. But why, for Pete's sake?
Now isn't it stupid to travel so light
You'll have to wash every darn thing every night?
(Nor will a *ne marche pas* at all mollify
Your plight when, the next day, they still aren't dry.)
And what if your only designer jeans rip?
Or the zipper you're counting on sticks and won't zip?
How nice it would be if it's cold or you're sick
To have that warm robe you considered too thick,
And, gosh, how your feet ache because you have not
Brought soft summer shoes for when weather gets hot.
And how about books? They're too heavy, of course,
So what do you read? Local house rules, perforce.
What good when you're gone—say in Paris or Rome—
Are things you left locked in your closet at home?
Travel heavy, say I. It may sap strength and speed,
But at least when you need things, you'll *have* what
you need.

—Corinna Marsh

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VIETNAMESE GULAG

. . . and Baby Makes Three

DOAN VAN TOAI

THE ONLY NOISE in the streets of Saigon at 11 P.M. was the staccato voice of Radio Hanoi spitting out Communist propaganda. Otherwise the city was silent beneath a thick blanket of fear. People huddled behind closed doors each night dreading the heavy-handed knock of unkempt young men in plainclothes come to arrest those on their list. When sleep did come, it was restless and light.

On this night, Dang Giao's wife had just finished feeding their newborn son. The knock on the door, although long expected, still came as a shock. And now the second lieutenant was reading the warrant in a loud and forceful voice, his eyes riveted on the paper.

"Considering the security requirements of the Fatherland, and considering the denunciation of the people, the People's Security Command of Ho Chi Minh City hereby orders: 1) That the home of Tran Duy Cat, pen name Dang Giao, and his wife Chu Vi Thuy, daughter of the notorious reactionary Chu Tu, be searched and that all suspect objects found therein be confiscated. 2) That the two abovenamed be arrested for their many activities against the people when they served as handmaids of the American puppets on the cultural front, under the guise of reporters for the newspaper *Song Than* [The Tidal Wave]. 3) That the forenamed be tried under the law of March 1976. On the behalf of the Director Comrade."

(This was to be Dang Giao's second run-in with Communist authorities. In 1954, at the end of the French Indochinese War, he opted to leave the Communist North, settled in Saigon, and became editor of *Song Than*, a daily newspaper which was so critical of the Thieu government that it was closed down in 1974. A year later, when the North Vietnamese took Saigon, he refused to leave. "I would rather die in this country than live somewhere else," he told the author years later in prison camp.)

The lieutenant now puts the warrant on a table and looks at Dang Giao, trying to gauge his reaction. Already, forty-odd young people, most of them not yet 16 years old, have separated into groups, like small armies of ants, and begun to search the house. They even climb up and knock out parts of the ceiling that look as if they have been patched. They pull out the wood paneling in the sitting room and slash open the sofa and chair cushions. They go at the wrecking party with enthusiasm. Each time a knife slashes a cushion or a hammer smashes a souvenir of their life together, Chu Vi Thuy feels a stab of pain. Dang Giao consoles her gently: "We have lost a country. What are these trifles to you now?"

The officer in charge is looking over the "suspect objects" that from time to time the cadres bring out. He seems pleased with the work of his subordinates and delighted with everything they turn up, from the family album, to back issues of newspapers, to early love letters from Dang Giao to his wife.

SUDDENLY THE lieutenant's attention is riveted by some lines scrawled in a notebook:

"1 A.M. The night is already advanced, cold and windy outside. The planes are coming back to the base one after the other. The noise keeps me up. Oh, how I miss you, wish you could be here . . .

"4:30 A.M. Fell into deep slumber, I don't know when, but suddenly woke up because the telephone rang. A flash of happiness, but it was not you, just someone dialing the wrong number. I tried to go back to sleep hoping to see you tomorrow . . ."

Holding the notebook before Dang Giao's face, the lieutenant asks suspiciously, "Now what's this? Tell me the truth."

"You've read it. What is there to ask?"

"I am questioning you. You had better give me a good answer. I am a representative of the State and of the Party, and I am not here to joke with you. You think I can't read? Let me tell you, I am a college graduate from Hanoi University, not from one of the puppet universities in Saigon, like you."

"That's my wife's diary, written ten years ago, before we were married; that is our private life."

At first Dang Giao had thought the lieutenant was asking just for the sake of asking. Now, realizing that he is serious, he can't resist saying, "I thought that being a socialist officer who defeated the Americans you would know everything. What need is there to ask a reactionary fellow like me?"

Turning grim, the lieutenant blurts out, "I am only asking to test your sincerity. As for the rest, I know everything, of course. That's not a diary. It's a coded book of signals sent to other reactionaries. Otherwise, why should you note down the hours like 1 A.M. and 4 A.M.? If you were not a reactionary why would you have a telephone? Why would you note the incoming flights? I know everything, I tell you. The Yankees had a few hundred thousand of these books, but they were never able to fool the Revolution. Every time Nixon sent his troops over, the Revolution knew it all, so don't count on fooling us."

By now Dang Giao understood his own situation and what lay in store for him. But he found it incredible that an officer of the People's Army should be so obtuse. "Better control yourself," he thinks and then says: "Well, have it your own way. You can charge me with any crime now, and I am ready for it. But I ask one favor for our newborn child. The boy is only 15 days old, his mother is still weak and sick. If you could let her stay home with the baby a few more days . . . You could arrest her later on. I will be your hostage."

"Don't give me your bourgeois feelings. The women in the North run out with guns to shoot down American planes two or three days after they have

Mr. Toai, an anti-American activist during the Vietnam War, was, despite that record, picked up by the North Vietnamese, imprisoned for 28 months, and then released. He was never charged and never tried; no reason was ever given for his release. This account of the night Dang Giao was arrested is based on conversations between the two men in prison camp. Mr. Toai is currently at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

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given birth, and nothing bad happens. Your wife has rested a full two weeks. Besides, at the security camp, she'll be taken care of. The State is very kind. You needn't worry. Just reform and carry out all orders." The lieutenant pauses a moment and then asks, "What's the baby's name?"

Dang Giao quickly answers, "Liberation."

The officer cannot believe his ears. "*What*?"

Dang Giao repeats it, but his wife interposes: "He's just a few days old, we haven't had time to name him."

The lieutenant takes out a form and starts to write. By now the search is over. A soldier carrying three thick volumes asks Chu Vi Thuy, "What kind of books are these?"

"They are dictionaries."

"I asked you what kind of books."

"I said they are dictionaries."

ANOTHER SOLDIER standing nearby comes to the aid of his friend: "What he means is, what does it say in them?"

Chu Vi Thuy laughs. "Oh, they are books that give you the meaning of French words in Vietnamese, or that translate English words into French."

The young man has made a discovery; his excitement is hard to contain: "Really!" By now the officer has finished writing. He stands up and commands: "Everyone! Everyone! Attention!" and he reads in a resonant voice:

"Considering the security requirements of the Fatherland, and considering the denunciation of the people, the People's Security Command of Ho Chi Minh City hereby orders: 1) [He repeats the denunciation he read when he first entered their house.] 2) . . . 3) That the unnamed child of the notorious reactionary writer Dang Giao and his wife also be arrested. . . . Signed."

So the problem of the baby is solved. As a special act of humanity the newborn child and his mother are not chained and manacled.

As the three are about to be led away, Dang Giao's two older boys, aged eight and six, rush at the lieutenant and try to hit him. Fighting back tears, Dang Giao tells them: "You stay at home. Tomorrow you can call Grandma to come and stay with you. Should anyone ask about your father, tell them the truth, that your father is in jail. Do you understand?"

Now it is their mother's turn to cry. Chu Vi Thuy slips to the floor, with the sleeping baby still in her arms. Two soldiers about 18 years old help her up, but with no sign of compassion. A third takes the baby. The entire group moves toward the bus.

"Daddy, why are they taking you to jail?"

"Go in and close the door now. Tomorrow morning you can call Grandma."

OUTSIDE, the first rays of the morning sun are beginning to brighten the silent streets. The communal radio speakers have been blaring since 5 A.M. The familiar voice of the regular announcer intones:

"Just as Comrade Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Party, has said, our regime is a million times more democratic than any other regime in the world and thus the State Law promulgated on March 20 by the new regime is the most democratic law there is. To arrest people or search a home, one must have a written warrant . . ."

The baby, comfortably nestled in the arms of one of the youths, suddenly cries out, alarming his mother. "Give me back my child," she says. She holds him tight to her bosom, and her tears mingle with those on his face. Resolutely, Dang Giao speaks to her: "Why are you crying? There is nothing to cry about now. Didn't we see it coming?"

"You are right, there is nothing to cry about." Chu Vi Thuy uses the hem of her dress to wipe the baby's tears, then her own.

At the Tran Hung Dao detention center, right in the heart of Saigon, 42 other journalists and writers are waiting in individual cells and detention halls. All have experienced similar moments. They are there simply because the Liberation Artists Association has drawn up a list of 44 names of "reactionaries" from the areas of art and literature. They have all been arrested under the Law of March 1976, the law which requires that arrests be made on the basis of a written warrant, even if it means one written on the spot against a 15-day-old baby.

Dang Giao, his wife, and their baby are on their way to re-education camps, the Vietnamese Gulag from which they may or may not return. Their fate and the fate of thousands like them goes unremarked by the former antiwar activists who raised their voices to denounce human-rights violations in South Vietnam. Between the genocide of Pol Pot in Cambodia and the repression in Vietnam there is a difference of degree, but the outcome is the same. The main difference is between a slow death and a quick one. □

"I wonder what birds do when it rains . . ."

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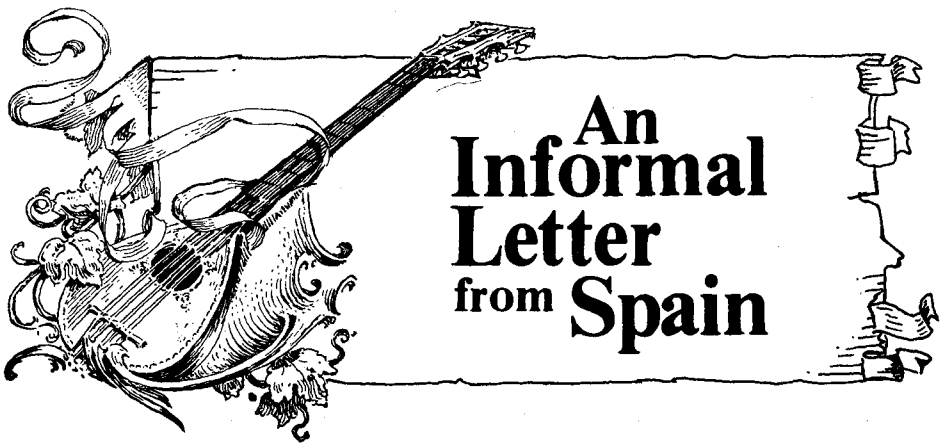

An Informal Letter from Spain

An old Spanish hand reports to the Managing Editor on the social and political scenes in post-Franco Spain

PETER CRUMPET

DEAR MISS BUCKLEY:

In reply to your kind recent inquiry it is my sorrowful obligation to communicate that matters are *not* going very well in Spain.

The economy, as you may have been advised, is a shambles, and it is expected that soon the Socialists will take over, which, of course, will only make bad worse.

It is on a personal level, however, that my sorrow is most great; and if you, dear Miss Buckley, will permit this digression from the political—I *do* write during the dog days of August, and every dog, we are given to suppose, must have his day—I will elaborate.

We arrived at this seaside retreat to dispiriting news. Our good friend Patxi Bausá Ruiz de Echechipía had very suddenly dropped dead from a massive coronary, and now poor Zulaída, his wife, is recovering from breast cancer. Vermán Rodríguez Moroy is also dead—suddenly, again the heart—and his dear María Angélica de Suances y Ruizloba cannot bear to haunt the shores and coves that so recently bore the imprint of his foot.

Vermán Rodríguez Mendaza (no relation, as you know, to Moroy, who is a Delitosa) is, like so many other bosom Spanish friends, in straitened circumstances, and he has let his gracious *finca*, "Las Silencias," to the bookkeeper of a Saudi Arabian prince.* Oh, the magical hours we used to spend at "Las Silencias," listening to the threnodies of chainsaws in the distant eucalyptus groves! Vermán will visit only on the occasional weekend, when his former housekeeper, who bets heavily at the casino in Santander, lets him have her flat. Olaz Rodríguez, Vermán's precious daughter, now has no place to stay, so we will be deprived of her joyous company too, and the same goes for her brother, Landelino, who is indigent, and whose wife, Zulema, has left him, taking their baby back to Buenos Aires—he was compelling her to pose naked for photographer friends, and she caught cold.

Alicia and Eusebio Salgado are broke, and will not be coming. So are Ildefonso and Cecilia Codina Cancellas de Lerma, who have opened a pastry shop in Palencia and cannot, of course, be away while the dough is rising. Emilio Tarradellas, my dear Tasa's stepbrother, is in desperate shape: the construction equipment firm in Cádiz that employed him is on its uppers, so that he, with three children and his wife's idle parents to support (the Marquises de Olla Podrida—the title is hers, and I believe refers to armpits), is looking for work this summer with no time off.

We hear that Pepe Pagola Alvarez de Segovia, who studied architecture under Orbaneja, has bankrupted his wife Pititi, who, as you know, inherited a fortune from her Italian father** but who had nothing from her grandfather, King Alfonso XIII, except elegant stationery. We do not know whether we will see them; it is doubtful. Poor, tormented, demon-ridden Pedro Pinto-Coelho hurled himself out of a fourth-floor window of the Hotel Palais*** in Biarritz, taking his favorite pug with him, which escaped with a dislocated shoulder. Pedro was broke, was suffering from emphysema, had piles, and had stayed married to his harridan wife longer than mortal man should be required to bear. He had accidentally set fire to his fine collection of Brazilian art, on which he had inadvertently permitted the insurance to expire.

Gustavo and Maruja Delitosa, thank goodness, *are* here, but Cadi Delitosa, Gustavo's sister-in law—you met her: the count's wife; the one who squints and has that cute wen on the tip of her nose—will not install herself at the "Casuco," their palace, until the end of the month, because Jorge, her husband

Mr. Crumpet stopped being an expatriate in Spain about the time Francisco Franco gave up the ghost.

*The oil-rich Moors are getting even with Isabella and Ferdinand, of blessed memory; they are *buying* Spain back.

**He manufactured the rubber floormats for Vespas right after the war; he then financed Gucci and sold his design for steel-belted radials to Firestone.

***Management billed the widow for the sheet that was used to cover him.

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los nuevos comicios generales, ha comenzado el run-run de los «jenajes». Ahora traemos a estas páginas el futuro político que se abre ante estos «independientes en busca de partido», en boca de los propios protagonis

Senillosa: «He recibido ofertas de UCD, PSOE y CDS, pero no me he decidido aún»

BARCELONA (Toni Traveria, corresponsal). El diputado de CD por las circunsc ción de Barcelona Antonio de Senillosa, en declaraciones realizadas a ABC. ha indi

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"A couple of the girls were wondering if you have any diet manna."

"Sir, what have you done? '60 Minutes' is here to see you!"

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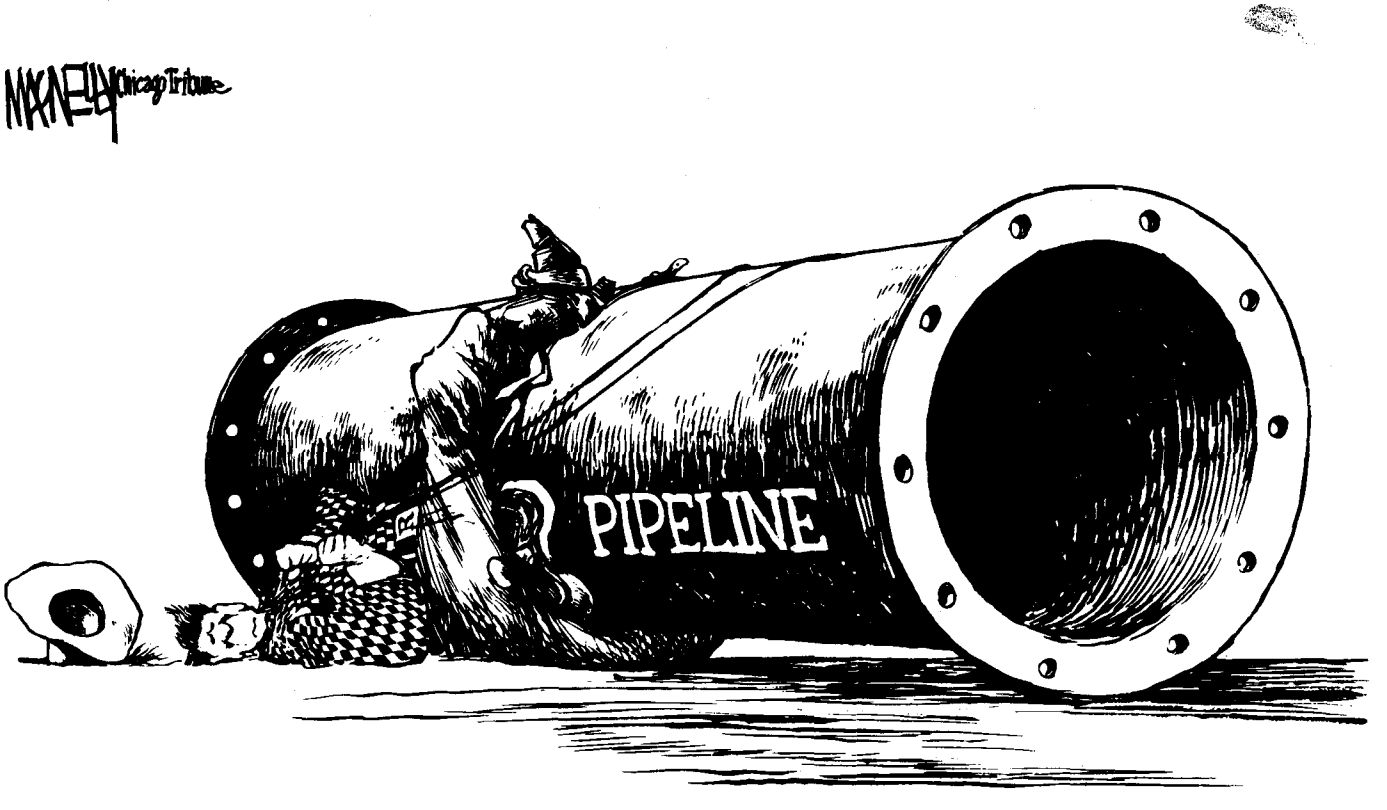
The Party of Compassion

They really don't seek a solution,
The Kennedys and the O'Neills.
They love to indulge in all budgets that bulge
While calling conservatives heels.
They'll panic if interest rates plummet
And housing stops casting a pall,
Because, don't you see, the election debris
Would land on their doorsteps this fall.

W. H. VON DREELE



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—you met him also, Miss Buckley: the count; the tubby little man with two fingers missing from his left hand who plays the guitar so astonishingly—whose business of selling heavy construction equipment is also on the rocks, won't be vacationing until the last week of the season. (There is no chance of seeing any of the other Delitosa clan, because Nuño's French wife Nanette, after twenty years of marriage and three children, announced that she is a lesbian and has left him for a mannequin of the House of Dior, and Gonzalo Delitosa, the one who hunts jaguars with a spear, won't be visiting because *his* funny and delicious redheaded American wife, Norma Jean, went to the States for a two-month vacation and upon her return to Mexico informed Gonzalo that she had joined a weird religious sect that forbids conjugal relations; Gonzalo has since taken up with a Portuguese hat-check girl from Macao whom, to his family's despair, he has determined to marry.)

Darling Yolanda Pujol**** has had a serious operation and will not make it this summer. In Madrid we tried to contact Chuchi Pedrozo, but he has had a *quintuple* heart by-pass operation following the failure of his auto-transmission business, and beautiful Menchu, his wife, has had a mastectomy.

We have no other news of personal friends, assuming that any survive. Oh, but I have written you about the Salgados, have I not? Police discovered he was using the tank here NOT for the storage of lobsters and clams and other seafood delicacies but as a hideaway for smuggled goods, mostly tobacco. I never liked him and could not abide her, but the way things are going one can't be choosy, and I am told that after posting bail to the amount of two tons of Winstons and half a ton of Lucky Strikes, he has been released (the rumor is that he is small potatoes in a big *cocido* and has pow'ful protection) and will shortly open up the Dukes of Torrelavega's old place (the dukes, of course, died last winter when the brake pedal of their Seat fell off and they plunged into the sea near Bilbao).

I tell you, Miss Buckley, matters are rotten right through. The mayor here, a young fella who is disliked by almost everyone, but who was elected on the center UCD ticket maybe for that reason, is reputedly as corrupted as everyone else now that Democracy has graced the land. If the patronage in these parts weren't such slim pickings he would be rich, they say, and I guess I believe that, because Pepín has what it takes, on which he never hesitated. He's a bread-seller by profession, a business that he conducts out of a cubicle in the wall next to the Banco de Bilbao, and that he shares with his uncle, who is much older and who has seven children. The shop has been failing for years because it is his uncle's wife who actually owned the oven, and she baked bread from adulterated dough, which caused the dental plates of people who chewed it to come unstuck. Pepín complained to his uncle that he had hocked everything he owned to foot his share of the bills, now it was his uncle's turn. So the uncle mortgaged his house, his wife's oven, his sister-in-law's oven, his mother's postage-stamp stand, the mule, and his second boy's bicycle; and the business continued to fail (people's teeth continued to fall out); and then when creditors threatened foreclosure it was discovered that Pepín had hocked not a blessed thing, leaving his uncle to lose the roof over his head and every other possession.

Pepín subsequently satisfied the creditors out of a mysterious trove of funds, which is not the reason that the public bathhouse continues to fall down (the reason for that is that nobody misses it, or notices) changing the lock on the shop's door and claiming it as his own. This enraged the uncle's wife, who first biffed Pepín on the nose and then took an axe to the door and hacked it down, threatening the two timid *Guardias Civil* with haymaker swings that kept them prudently out of reach. Pepín has sued, but she has countersued; and in the meantime she and Pepín's buxom wife, side by side, elbows nearly touching as they stand behind the counter in the cramped booth of their establishment, peddle bread (bought elsewhere) to separate customers; to the effect that they have established two new political parties here, the party of the *gallofa* (the mayor's bread—it splits easily in two) and the party of the *bollo* (round and hard, the uncle's wife's bread, if it hits you it can hurt).

Miss Buckley, I suppose I should tell you about the Duke of Suárez, and how wealthy he has become since he took the waters of Lourdes and visited Mexico and learned such a great deal from President Portillo and ex-President Echeverría and other distinguished gentlemen who did their country there for so much; but I just can't leave this little town in the Cantabrian foothills, and the Lessons it has to teach us All, if we will only *Listen*.

Last week, Miss Buckley, a young man who'd been missing for several days was discovered behind the port hanging from a crudely knotted rope. It has been ruled a suicide, though when his brother asked the wife where in the world she supposed her husband was, she allegedly said, "Why don't you look along the seashore?" He had first tied the rope to a rock on the bluff facing the ocean, then to his neck, letting himself drop off the ledge; but he did it so clumsily that instead of strangling slowly to death he merely strangled; interminably; while the tide swept in, comber after drenching comber, each higher than the last . . .

The poor wretch left notes to his children, telling them that he loved them but that their mother should be committed to the loonybin. The immedi-

(Continues on page 1236)

Subrayó que co... ...ión de los nue... partidos
es preciso que la gente sepa a quién va a votar

Fraga reitera que las elecciones anticipadas podrían ser contraproducentes

LUGO. «Creo que las prisas de unas elecciones anticipadas pueden resultar con producentes para España, que es lo unico que importa», ha afirmado el lider de Alia Popular, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, en el curso de una rueda de Prensa que ayer se cel en Lugo.

****Yolanda is the Marchioness of Punto Gordo. When I so introduced her at a formal function in my South Carolina hometown, she was cheerfully greeted with, "Hey there, Marsha, glad to meet you!"

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Abroad

Madrid *Spanish Socialism*

The Spanish Socialist Party is widely expected to win the upcoming general elections for the Cortes and therefore to constitute the new government of Spain. After France and Greece, such an outcome would represent a third socialist victory in Western Europe in the last year and a half. But the Spanish Socialist Party leader, Felipe González, is being very cautious about the nature of a Socialist regime in Madrid. He is making few of the sweeping promises made by François Mitterrand, for example, when he was running. There is no prospect of nationalizing Spanish industry, and although the state of unemployment and the inflation rate in Spain (both 15 per cent) make good campaign material, the Socialist leadership recognizes that these problems will be of the first priority for any new government. The Socialists say that the recently acquired Spanish seat in NATO should be the subject of a post-election referendum. This move, however, is regarded as window-dressing; no one inside or outside Spain expects Madrid to surrender what it has waited so long to gain. In terms of domestic politics, the stability of Spanish democracy depends on the health of its political life, and this is perhaps the real issue to be decided in October.

London *Glory and Price*

The suggestion in the press that the Victoria Cross, the highest British military decoration, be awarded to certain participants in the recent Falkland Islands war is raising a rumpus. "What is it coming to," asked an annoyed Ministry of Defense official, "when a newspaper discusses just who should and should not get decorations?" Yet as the *Guardian* points out, it was a war correspondent, William Howard Russell, whose dispatches in the *Times* during the Crimean War inspired Queen Victoria herself to create the medal. Since then something over 1,300 VCs have been awarded, all of them struck from the bronze of a Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol—of which only 22 pounds now remain. The Victoria Cross originally carried with it an annual pension of £10, boosted in 1969 to £100 ($175). The smallness of this sum is thought to be why so many holders of the decoration sell it, especially at auction. The only Victoria Cross to have been won on D-Day in 1944 went earlier this year for £32,000 ($55,000). The average First World War medal (they were more plentifully awarded during that conflict) goes for £10,000 ($17,500) at auction these days. Most of the VCs are bought by regimental museums.

Moscow *Recourse to Comecon*

Can Comecon, the economic partnership of the Eastern bloc, do anything to offset the effect of Western boycotts resulting from Poland and Afghanistan? Soviet authorities want to convene an emergency session of Communist leaders "in the near future" to this purpose, with the hope of transforming an ideological patchwork into an effective and beneficial force. Economic integration with its satellites has always been a Soviet goal, but in the eyes of the Eastern Europeans it has been mainly a euphemism for Soviet exploitation of their own superior productivity. Hungary, for example, which has decentralized, and to a certain extent depoliticized, both its industrial and its agricultural sectors, would respond with great reluctance to the idea of turning its trade around. East Germany, too, has built its successful contacts and outlets outside the Soviet bloc. At the last Comecon meeting, which took place in Budapest this June, there were plaintive cries from the Russians for greater "production cooperation," along with the creation of "effective stimuli" in that direction. Leonid Brezhnev returned to this theme at a more recent meeting with the Czech leadership. When the Comecon summit meeting does take place, it will be dominated by old-guard Communist politicians who are not expected to think creatively in terms of present international reality. But the facts will confront them no matter what they say: the fourth bad Russian harvest in a row; the devastation of the Polish economy through tyranny and mismanagement; the world recession; and the de facto bankruptcies threatening not only the Polish economy but now the Rumanian too, because of default in the repayment of huge Western loans.

Kenilworth *Swan Music of Today*

Swans and other decorative waterfowl are the latest items to hit the British auction blocks, and estimates for a pair of the graceful white paddlers run well over £100 ($175). Sales are being handled by the British Waterfowl Association, located here—a conservation group with impeccable credentials. The market consists chiefly of those people who want something novel to give interest to the grounds and gardens of their country houses. A Waterfowl Association spokesman said real-estate agents told him that "Twenty years ago anyone looking for a desirable country residence would ask first whether it had central heating. Now the buyers ask whether it has a pond or stream in the garden because they want to keep some ducks or other waterfowl." All the birds up for sale, which include harlequin and wood ducks native to North America, have been bred in captivity. (It is against the law to sell wild birds.) "You only need a little pond with clean water to keep a few ducks happy, and they don't cost much to feed," the spokesman commented.

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"Who's angry with us today?"

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CAMPUS SCENE

In Praise of Sewanee

BARBARA WILBUR

COMING SUDDENLY upon Sewanee, as one does, driving over the mountain, at sunset one mild December evening, I was struck anew at the beauty of this "city set on a hill"—a place apart, a citadel, a prospect, a microcosm, a world unto itself; and its quiet assurance may be read in the faces and the bearing of those who call the mountain home. Nestled at the heart of the Cumberland plateau, two thousand feet above sea level, the Gothic lines of the University of the South stand silhouetted against the sky. From All Saints Chapel emanated strains of music, as I traversed the familiar paths to look up a friend, an Englishwoman who now makes her home here, keeping a loving eye on the boys in the dormitory she supervises, in the tradition of the beloved "Miss Johnnie" of another era, the hostess of Tuckaway.

Indeed, any Englishman or Anglican or Anglophile would be at home here; the English character is at once apparent—from Breslin Tower (reminiscent of Magdalen Tower, Oxford) and the ivy-covered buildings, to the professors and students in their gowns (and to be a "gownsman" is a coveted student honor), to the "pub" in the Bishop's Common (the student center).

Despite the coming of the coeds in 1968-69, the majority of the students still are young men, two of whom sat at my table at dinner in Gailor Hall. Gone were the white linen cloths, but the conversation was polite. "Wednesday was steak night," they apologized, but fortunately tonight was the Festival of Lessons and Carols.

Walking from the spacious Jessie Ball du Pont Library, with its bust of Allen Tate—one of the Vanderbilt Fugitives, long associated with Sewanee and now sleeping in the little cemetery on the hill—toward the Chapel, I found that this mild evening recalled to me the magnolias and music of a previous summer, when I was doing some research in Tennessee history, being kindly looked after by the archivist and rare-books curator. In summer, the air is sweet and filled with music—three weeks of concerts by musicians young and old, who gather on the mountain for Sewanee's superb music camp. Little choirboys and young ballet dancers come, too, for intensive training; and alumni return for a week of lectures, concerts, walks, tennis, golf, and outings at nearby lakes, for Sewanee (like Monteagle, seven miles away) is a summer resort.

One could endlessly explore the woodland trails leading to splendid views: Green's View; Morgan's Steep; the Cross, which stands dramatically on the hillside, a beacon to light the way; Abbo's Alley, carefully tended by the "Friends of Abbo" (the University's grounds and walks are maintained largely by student aid, and there is a volunteer fire department), a mass of wildflowers in spring and the lifework of the late Abbott Cotten Martin, a longtime professor of English.

Sewanee has an outstanding English Department—along with Vanderbilt's, among the nation's finest—and sponsors the renowned *Sewanee Review*, a critical quarterly to which both Tate and Andrew Nelson Lytle lent distinction. Mr. Lytle, a lecturer in English and editor of the *Review*, now retired, is one of the luminaries one sometimes encounters on the campus. The University has also produced a number of Rhodes Scholars and Woodrow Wilson Fellows, and, together with Vanderbilt and other colleges, has a summer program at Oxford University. As Arnold Toynbee wrote after a sojourn at Sewanee, the University of the South fruitfully combines the best features of both the English and the American educational systems.

An English university transplanted to the mountain wilderness of eastern Tennessee, Sewanee's origins are religious, Southern, and ante-bellum. The dream of Bishop Leonidas Polk to found an Episcopal university to educate Southern boys in the South (rather than sending them East to such colleges as Princeton) began to take shape in the 1850s, on ten thousand acres selected as the ideal site—a refuge from yellow fever and the heat of the summer. The land is still owned by the Episcopal Church in the South. Polk did not survive the War; neither did the infant university. It was burned by a junior officer, after occupation by Union troops. It fell to Bishop Quintard to start again in 1867, his trip to England in search of funds having met with even more success than had President Witherspoon's fundraising trip for Princeton in 1783.

Sewanee, the town, is a village clustered about the railroad tracks, though the "Mountain Goat" no longer makes its run down the mountain. The tree-lined streets, with old houses on either side, are typical of Southern towns; on the Fourth of July, one can see small-town America on parade, the children all in patriotic dress. Rebel's Rest, the oldest house on campus, was built in 1866. Once, as a guest of the university, I was housed there overnight, along with a young Boy Scout (the son of a professor), who stayed there so I would not be alone—his good deed for the day. Such is the Southern courtesy and kindness of the place. Also Southern is the custom of "open house" on Sunday evenings (and in between), when professors invite students to their homes. To the casual observer, Sewanee may appear a bit forbidding in its formality, yet it has all the intimacy of a Southern family.

IN THE CHAPEL, the organ music announces the birth of a King. The young gownsman offers me a seat at the back, though I have no admission card. A glorious Festival; but I must leave early, for, alas, there is no room at the Sewanee Inn. Yet I have renewed a love affair with the University that began on a college tour when I was 17; I picked Sewanee, but it was then a male stronghold, so I chose to no avail.

Now, were my 17-year-old nephew —American through and through—to elect Sewanee, I should rejoice that he would be choosing, not just an institution of higher learning, but a way of life. As one student trying to get back to Sewanee by train told the ticket agent, "Heaven isn't on the map either, but that doesn't mean it isn't there." □

Miss Wilbur is a lecturer and researcher in both the U.S. and Britain.

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The Fourteen Families

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

One of the lacunae in the first draft of the pastoral letter by the U.S. Catholic bishops on nuclear war is its silence about the behavior of the Soviet Union. To talk about the morality of deterrence without clarity about who or what is being deterred is to deal only in remote abstractions.

In the best of all possible worlds, there would be no nuclear weapons and no need for deterrence. But in real-world arguments, much depends upon exact and accurate judgment about the Soviet Union.

One common view was offered by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. in the *Wall Street Journal* (Aug. 17) after a ten-day visit to Kiev, ten days that shook the professor. A similar view appears in public statements by a number of American Catholic bishops, some of whom plainly disown the late Cardinal Spellman as a "hard-liner," fearing the Spellman model more than they fear the Soviets. Schlesinger makes four typical arguments.

First, he saw streets crowded with bustling, happy people. Since his last visit, in 1969, "There has been improvement in amenities. I found more goods in the shops, more food in the markets, more cars on the streets—more of almost everything. . . . People were better dressed, more relaxed, more obliging, and more communicative. . . . Waiters in provincial hotels wear white tie and tails. Streets are clean and relatively safe. One has the sense of things functioning." In short, those who think the USSR is on the verge of social and economic collapse are "kidding themselves."

Secondly, Professor Schlesinger writes that ideology is softening in the USSR, since "The Soviet state economy staggers along because private enterprise fills in vital gaps." Pathetically, he mentions that home-country newspapers are now available in hotels for foreigners.

Third, "The fear of nuclear war was vivid wherever we went in the Soviet Union—this, and the plainly authentic desire among ordinary people for friendship with the U.S." (How many "ordinary people" did he meet, one wonders.) He adds the canard about "the memory of twenty million dead in the Second World War."

Mirror Societies?

Fourth, he finds Soviet hard-liners calling forth an echo from U.S. hard-liners, and again hauls out President Kennedy's remark to Norman Cousins: "One of the ironic things . . . is that Mr. Khrushchev and I occupy approximately the same political position inside our governments. He would like to prevent a nuclear war but is under severe pressure from his hard-line crowd, which interprets every move in that direction as appeasement. I've got similar problems. . . . The hard-liners in the Soviet Union and the United States feed on one another."

So there we have it: mirror societies. Schlesinger explicitly accuses an "international conspiracy of hard-liners who, in weird lockstep, are marching the rest of us down the road to extinction." An international conspiracy, no less.

Nothing that Schlesinger *saw* comes as a surprise to anyone who reads voraciously. Life in the Soviet Union goes on and it is often happy. The Russian people are remarkable, splendid human beings. They don't like war. They like to buy and enjoy things. All this is known. One could say the same about people almost anywhere. There were glowing reports from Germany in early 1939, too. The path of "political pilgrims" is well-traveled by now. We have received dozens of glowing eyewitness reports from Russia, China, Cuba, Nicaragua, and elsewhere since 1917. Always they have the same form. So let us suppose there is no gap between what Schlesinger *saw* with his eyes in Russia and his *interpretation* of it.

Alas, in matters of peace and war a great deal depends on factors undetectable to the eye, like national policy and national leadership. Here Kennedy's notion that he and Mr. Khrushchev "occupy approximately the same political position inside our governments" is patently absurd. If Kennedy did say this to Norman Cousins, we may hope neither of them believed it for a moment. If it were true, the entire American experience has been pointless.

The "Fourteen Families" of the Soviet Politburo have not yet, after 65 years, solved the simple problem of succession. Nor are they chosen by the people, criticized by the people, or held accountable to the people of the USSR. All their moves must be, and are, justified by Marxist-Leninist reasoning. No one of them has experienced the honest give-and-take of public politics, direct criticism, and challenge in the press. Schlesinger concedes that "the essence of modern Communism is less state ownership of the means of production and distribution than it is state ownership of the means of information and communication." This alone makes the "political positions" of an American President and a Soviet Premier so immensely different as not to be anything like "approximately the same."

No Kremlin Doves

Praising the Soviet economy as "functioning," Schlesinger a few lines later says, "The Soviet state economy staggers . . ." Recalling the twenty million war dead, he omits the 65 million Soviet citizens whom Solzhenitsyn carefully calculates Soviet leaders have themselves had killed since 1923.

No doubt, there *are* Soviet hard-liners. (Henry Kissinger, for one, denies that there are any Soviet *doves* in power or in public view.) Perhaps Professor Schlesinger believes that Senator Jackson, General Jones, and other U.S. "hard-liners" conduct themselves like Soviet hard-liners. This, too, is absurd. American leaders must make their case to the people, persuade the opposition, and proceed by reasoned argument.

Professor Schlesinger caricatures those whose judgment about the demonstrated actions of the Soviet Politburo is different from his own. If he is as wrong about the Soviets as he is about his fellow Americans, his recklessness ill defends the nation he loves. What needs to be deterred in the Soviet Union is not its hard-liners but unchecked power, which no internal force, surely not the Russian people, can deter. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Once and Future King

Post-Conservative America
By Kevin P. Phillips
Random House, 261 pp., $14.50

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Drift, trend, pattern, cycle, tendency, projection, swing, upheaval, revolution, shift, alignment, movement, instability, parallel: they're all here, in one dizzying book. Kevin Phillips is a brilliant observer, which is to say he brings his imagination to the task of noticing things, and at his best—as in chapter seven of this book, an essay in his patented kind of political demographics—he is superb. But like Isaac Newton, who thought of himself as a theologian first and a physicist second, he doesn't know his own limits. So *Post-Conservative America* winds up offering a Weltanschauung concocted from smatterings of a dozen disciplines.

Phillips offers a few paragraphs on Keynesian, monetarist, and supply-side economists, showing an acquaintance with them all but hardly the grasp to warrant his confident pronouncements on them. He tosses in snippets from the Durants as well as Braudel and Toynbee. He announces that we are in the midst of a "price revolution," but doesn't explain just what this means or what bearing it has on his thesis.

Thesis? Even that is unclear. Liberalism is dead; Reagan-style conservatism doesn't have the stability to replace it; the separation of powers doesn't work any more; the natives are restless. We are probably headed for some sort of right-wing populism, in reaction against both left-liberal elitism and Reaganite bias in favor of the rich. We will see patriotic revisionism about Watergate and Vietnam. There are (though they mustn't be exaggerated) Weimar analogies. Heads will roll.

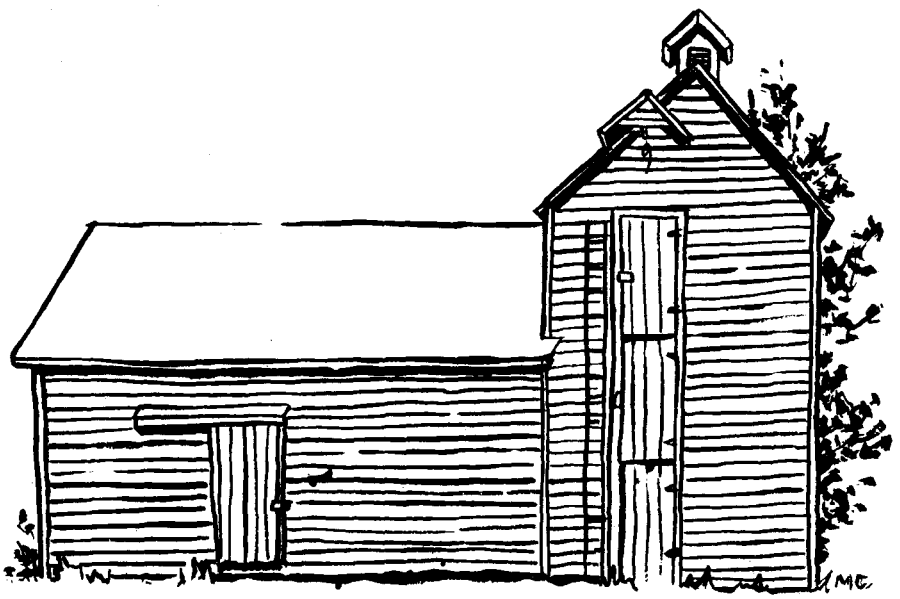
Are these predictions or preferences? The projections here appear to me less demographic than Freudian, Phillips projecting on the electorate his own special concerns. In fact he is more populist than the populace. He doesn't like liberals. He has frequently expressed his contempt for conservatives, particularly those of us who sit on the decks of our yachts sipping our imported wines. He doesn't like the rich. He does seem to like strongman *dirigisme*.

So he explains how all the liberal sentimentalists and nostalgic conservatives have brought the demagogue and the mob on themselves. The only flaw in this highly plausible explanation is that there is no demagogue and no mob. There was only John Connally. Even George Wallace is playing a different role now. The populist market is decidedly bearish.

It is unfair, as some have done, to suggest that Phillips is a fascist. He is a gloomy man, with an actual *taste* for gloom, but this book is really rather good-tempered. The whole strikes me as disorderly, but the parts are often shrewd, judicious, and fair-minded.

As an observer, Phillips is, I repeat, excellent. It is Phillips the prophet who doesn't make much sense. The reason is simple enough. The official historian of the New York Yankees can't be expected to predict the outcome of tonight's game. Time and chance happeneth to them all, and it is impossible to enumerate all the variables, let alone give each of them its proper weight. You might as well try to juggle cannon balls and tennis balls together.

Post-conservative America! Nobody else has thought of that. But the book is too passionate to deserve suspicion as mere one-upmanship. In fact its eclectic



Ruth Berenson, NR*'s longtime art critic, is the new Associate Deputy Chairman for Programs of the National Endowment for the Arts. . . .* **William Murchison** *is editorial-page editor of the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star.

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adduction of random data only adds up when you understand that the anti-sentimental rightist is harboring sentiments of his own. What are they?

I am getting *ad hominem* here, in violation of Aristotle's strictures. (And so what? What did Aristotle have to hide?) I suspect that Phillips's real ideology is not fascism at all, but a sort of neo-Nixonism.

After all, he was Nixon's house demographer, and he saw an "emerging Republican majority" before anyone else. As he often reminds us, he also saw (and named) the emerging Sunbelt; there is a good deal of (nostalgic?) self-vindication in this book.

The emerging Republican majority was non-conservative; the high-rolling Connally was, he tells us, Nixon's choice as a successor. But the emergence of the emerging majority was aborted—by Watergate. This also led to the fall of Vietnam, which a strong Nixon (as Phillips tells us, and I believe him) would have prevented. Hence a chapter each on Watergate and the "unexploded bomb" of Vietnam. Still, Phillips is obviously far more angry about these things than most Americans—even those Americans who would agree that he's probably right. And he's notably cool to the Goldwaterite elements in the Republican Party who have succeeded Nixon instead of Connally.

PHILLIPS says, interestingly, that Nixon was hurt—and demoralized—by Watergate even *before* the 1972 election, else he might have won as much as 65 per cent of the popular vote. He says that "Nixon's transgressions were grossly trumped up by [the] Eastern establishment," and mentions "a possible anti-Nixon counterplot"—an obsessive theme in this otherwise sweeping book. What's a *counterplot* doing among all the shifts, trends, and cycles?

I don't know, but it helps form the spinal column of what would otherwise be a formless and puzzling book. There *was* an emerging Republican majority once, you see; but, no, Reaganism—that nostalgic rabble of amateurs—isn't it; its time has passed. Nixon was the one. Reagan will be inadequate to the challenges ahead; for them we will need another Nixon, but a Nixon unhampered by a hostile Congress, press, CIA, Constitution. (Phillips says that contrary to all we've been told, Watergate proved precisely that the system *doesn't* work.)

But in his discussion of Nixon there are no strains of "Camelot." Phillips is perhaps best described as an American Gaullist. So, come to think of it, is Nixon: he and de Gaulle deeply respected each other. It is an interesting position, and it deserves an advocate. But a jerry-built demographic prophecy is not an argument. □

The Politician: The Life and Times of Lyndon Johnson
By Ronnie Dugger
Norton, 514 pp., $18.95

ORIGINS OF BELLICOSITY

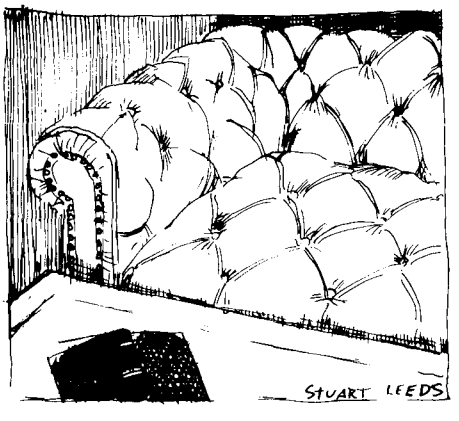
WILLIAM MURCHISON

There's a pretty good book in here. The problem is finding it, overlaid as it is by pompous and windy moralizing. Amateur excavationists are duly warned.

Dugger, who for three decades has published a small but prestigious liberal journal, *The Texas Observer*, clearly knows whereof he writes. A longtime antagonist of Johnson's, he nevertheless enjoyed a curious relationship with him. LBJ, hoping to win Dugger over, granted him what the publishers describe as "long hours of interviews in both Texas and Washington, in the Senate and in the White House." The first interview occurred in 1955, the last in 1968.

To no avail: Dugger still doesn't like Johnson. Let him count the ways, which are various—and which make a well-researched book (the first of a projected two-volume work) less persuasive than it ought to be.

Chronicling Johnson's career doesn't suffice for Dugger. He must assess The Meaning of It All—repeatedly, and at length. Interpretation, of course, is the stuff of history. But Dugger's judgments are not only quirky but deadly to the rhythm and flow of an otherwise skillful recitation. A good editor could have saved the printers a hundred pages, the reader four or five bucks, and Dugger the pain of a moderately embarrassing debut in the literary bigtime.



The prophetic thunderings commence in chapter one. We are given, so the title proclaims, "The Origins of American Bellicosity in Johnson's Southwest." And what are these? Well, it seems that Johnson, a man of the frontier, imbibed the myths of his fathers. Hence, "The powerful story of the Alamo, structured into the President's character, was one cause of Vietnam."

Vietnam? How did Vietnam slither into chapter one? More important, what is the reader to make of so brazen and unbuttressed an assertion as this? That the Alamo may have acted on Johnson's imagination is plausible. But as a cause of the Southeast Asian debacle, it seems to have escaped everyone's attention but Dugger's.

Dugger goes on in this vein: LBJ regarded the Vietcong as so many wild redskins to be tamed; Vietnam had the quality of a back-country feud. At this rate, for all his brooding presence in the early chapters, Lyndon Baines Johnson doesn't get born until page 64: by which time he seems less a living, breathing human being than a captive of fate.

A while later, we find that Johnson acted like Theodore Roosevelt, practicing "patriotism with a vengeance." And also like "actor-cowboy Ronald Reagan" (whom Dugger gratuitously drags into his narrative nearly a dozen times). There follows a disquisition on "The Politician as Western Hero." We learn that Johnson was always "restaging and exploiting the Western passion play"—which point we thought Dugger had made back when he was talking about all those redskins. But never mind, because by now Dugger has become so officious a guide to the crevasses of Lyndon Johnson's mind that we tend to shrug him off. At least we shrug off his vexing digressions and his often ill-natured judgments.

Something leads us on anyway into the maw of this sprawling book. That something is Dugger's mastery of the facts of Johnson's life. Dugger has, through personal interviews and years of laborious research, turned up much that's interesting and informative. John-

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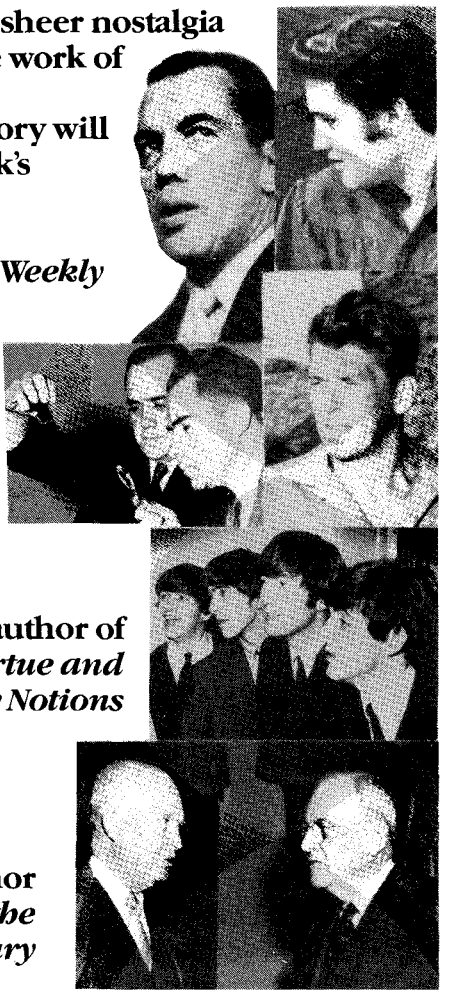

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When the Going Was Good!

AMERICAN LIFE IN THE FIFTIES

by Jeffrey Hart

Foreword by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Illustrated with photographs

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: In *The Third World War: The Untold Story* (Macmillan, $15.75), General Sir John Hackett offers a fictive yet plausible scenario, based upon fact, of where, how, and why World War III could begin. He received in writing the book the cooperation of Vladimir Bukovsky, the well-known Russian dissident, and former Red Army officer Viktor Suvorov, a defector to the West.

John Le Carré's *The Quest for Karla* (Knopf, $10.95) brings together for the first time three Le Carré novels in a single omnibus volume: *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, *The Honorable Schoolboy*, and *Smiley's People*.

Indecent Exposure: A True Story of Hollywood and Wall Street (Morrow, $17.50), by David McClintick, is a fascinating account by a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter of the Begelman embezzlement scandal at Columbia Pictures in 1978—one of the best and most devastating books about Hollywood ever written, well-deserving of its early success.

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: John Updike's new novel is a sequel to an old one: *Bech Is Back* (Knopf, $12.95), continuing the chronicle of a Jewish professor who first made his appearance in *Bech: A Book*, published 12 years ago.

The publication of the second volume of *The Letters of Gustave Flaubert* (Harper & Row, $15), selected, edited, and translated by Francis Steegmuller, completes a worthy literary project. . . . *Thomas Mann: Diaries 1918-1939* (Harry Abrams, $25 until Jan. 1, 1983; $29.95 thereafter) is translated by Richard and Clara Winston, and selected by Hermann Kesten, who has also contributed a Foreword.

In *A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Biography* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95), Irving Howe has written an interesting chapter in the intellectual history of New York City.

—CW

When the Going Was Good
By Jeffrey Hart
Crown, 304 pp., $15.95

AN AMERICAN EDEN

D. KEITH MANO

That absurd person, see him there: it's the nine-year-old me. Me, head between feet, trying to hide from Armageddon under a stupid bedsheet. WHITE WILL REPEL RADIATION. Me, in our three-by-three linen closet: lumpish, rather like someone killed in a hammock tragedy. KEEP AWAY FROM DOOR OR WINDOW. Outside, the air-raid sirens say Ohhh-nohhh, Ohhh-nohhh. I'm afraid: this is ground zero. Atom bombs will turn me into an overexposed negative of myself. WAIT FOR THE ALL CLEAR. Mother is out. I'm alone: I'll be hot molecules in a minute. Why did I bother doing my homework? School will be shut but good tomorrow. I could've watched *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie* as my last prepubic act on earth.

When the Going Was Good can do that to you. It is evocative as smell caught in an old locked trunk. The entire decade, 1950-1960, made suitable for framing. Women gone steady with are here: held ageless, braces and all, by a song played back then on your 1952 Buick radio. The tape-wound bat I swung like Musial or McDougald in front of my bedroom mirror. Salinger and a certain school light I read him by. That place on the head where once, with Vitalis, it was cool to part your hair: but which somehow resists such nostalgic grooming now. Jeffrey Hart has written a book full of recognition.

There are autobiographical memorabilia here: they don't narrow focus. The Fifties were like that, more personal than any decade since or before. In a son's early life is recounted better here than in any other book I know of.

The very young Johnson—questing though not yet eaten up by ambition—is the most likable. Dugger is plain, and plainly right, about a key facet of the Johnson personality. There was method in his maneuverings. Even LBJ's generally happy and successful marriage to Claudia Alta Taylor had aspects of calculation. Claudia possessed more money and social position than Lyndon did. He proposed within 24 hours of meeting her.

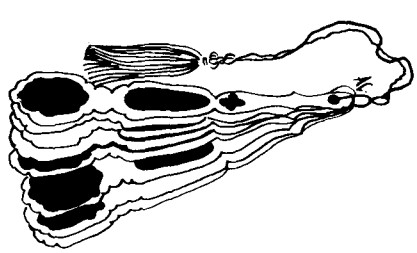
When he wasn't calculating, Johnson was likely to be flattering outrageously or demonstrating the workings of a vast ego. "He was a vain boy," said one college classmate, "determined, and when he accomplished something, he saw to it that everyone knew he was responsible."

Johnson's pre-presidential principles were a blur to most Texans, save in the beginning when he ran for Congress as a red-hot New Dealer. Dugger is at pains, and enlighteningly so, to emphasize Johnson's mixed political heritage, compounded of populism, conservatism, and "farm-liberal romanticism." Johnson's admiration for Franklin Roosevelt was genuine enough. (As Lyndon was to observe during the Sixties: "He was a goddamn clever fella! He makes all these boys around here now—well, look like kids.") Still, Johnson knew who had sent him to Washington and so was willing to trim his sails when the winds from Texas dictated it.

Dugger regards LBJ as an apostate and an opportunist: a liberal turned cold-warrior and labor-baiter. Anti-big-business, he nevertheless understood the adversary well enough to profit handsomely from doing favors for big-businessmen. Dugger calls to mind the ambivalent feelings with which many Texans in the Fifties and early Sixties viewed Lyndon Johnson: An SOB, I recall one millionaire remarking, but *our* SOB.

Curiously Dugger's dudgeon dies down when it comes time to consider the turning point of Johnson's political career—the theft, in his behalf, of the 1948 senatorial election. To procure Johnson's triumph, by 87 votes, South Texas political boss George Parr caused the returns at world-famous Box 13, Jim Wells County, to be appropriately doctored.

The fraud never could be directly connected to the beneficiary, Johnson. Yet LBJ was willing, indeed eager, that the victory should be credited to him. Dugger is matter-of-fact as he relates these circumstances. Possibly ordinary theft lacks power to stir the liberal conscience. The grand sin seemingly is to turn away from liberal principles, even unto waging a bloody and imperialistic war. As the second volume of Dugger's life of Johnson makes its way to the printers, one hears the noise of knives being vigorously sharpened. □



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recounting both writer and audience need to locate each other. The Sixties and Seventies were primarily about organization and political movement. Market crash, then war tended to homogenize the period from 1929 through 1949. But 1950 brought in an era of individual heightening: the "I" generation, not the "me" generation. Personal effects—Hart at Columbia or tennis or *NR*—plot out a useful graph co-ordinate system. The Eisenhower Decade was place rather than time: you share reminiscence as you might with someone who has also been to Venice once.

The Fifties are, of course, Pork Chop Hill: a strategic intellectual position to be defended or retaken. Liberals have dug in there. The terrain is well camouflaged by now. A quick aerial reconnaissance shows Yahoo-land: McCarthy, Dulles, Eisenhower ("the bland leading the bland"), materialism, dullness, cold-war footing. For radicals that decade is a dangerous paradox. In 1955 only the mad were *committed*. Americans didn't self-address their hate mail. How to explain a time of incredible prosperity (1.5 per cent inflation) and excitement and strong national sense which had, to boot, almost no political activism: even less left-wing political activism. Hart will emphasize it: as the decade has been caricatured, so has conservative thought. If enfilading fire from this historical Little Round Top were lifted, the right flank might be able to advance without resistance.

HART has ball and socket flexibility: the kind of writer who can give undivided attention to six things at once. His chronicle is inclusive without being rigid: commentary and time-machine chapter and fact cross-pollinate. The Fifties become what indeed they were, a long moment of dynamic interaction. Not, certainly, that *Grease* stereotype fobbed off on us by liberal revisionism: America held in perpetual, moronic adolescence. Hemingway and Kerouac and Eliot were writing. Niebuhr and Tillich made theology almost an indoor sport. Rock evolved. New York was the art capital of everywhere. TV didn't need to be prerecorded. Trilling and Leavis and Van Doren taught.

The book has many heroes, in politics, sports, art, intellect. Eisenhower is perceived afresh, not bland at all but hard as nails. And so is Richard Nixon. He emerges, scars and all, as a kind of hero in his own right, the man who twice bested Eisenhower in a political crunch, and, despite the it-would-be-wrong public persona, an earthy and hilarious conversationalist. "The historical past is constantly changing before our eyes. It is not static. It is reflected through an unfolding present." How we perceive what was can determine what we are. And, with this book, that perception will have to change.

Most particularly, it was a decade of things. The future would be provisioned there, between WW II and JFK. A Republican majority (and concomitant Sunbelt shift) could not emerge without, yes, air conditioning. Some Fifties inventions were not so attractive: our sexual permissiveness, for instance, probably owes more to penicillin and the Pill than to moral degeneration. Plus, for your convenience, LP recording, jet travel, IBM, Madison Avenue, 41,000 miles of interstate highway, and that ultimate machine, NATIONAL REVIEW. By comparison: "The only valuable Sixties invention was the boutique." In a sense progress had stopped by 1960 or so. This was the last heartthrob of positiveness. Big seemed gorgeous. Men might be optimistic and not apologize for it. The future waited just beyond a very long assembly line. It could be *made*. And at a profit, too.

When the Going Was Good has a novel's instinct and shape. Indeed, it has a subterranean pattern of a mythic sort that is never made explicit but which the alert reader will feel. In the opening section, "Overlord"—the Normandy invasion—Eisenhower utters three words, launching the conquest of Europe: "Alright, we'll go." With Genesis in the background ("Let there be light") "Overlord" defeats Hitler and inaugurates the possibility of the Fifties. We proceed to an American Eden of affluence and creativity, at the center of which are two pastoral chapters on baseball and tennis: "The Boys of Summer" and "White Flannels, Grass Courts." But the serpent is present in assorted forms: totalitarianism abroad and intellectual corruption within the Garden itself. The cant phrase "witch hunt" is put to startling use in two chapters called "Real Witches."

That this book has a novelistic structure is appropriate enough: around 1959 or so the Great American Novel—indeed everything both great and American—became as old-fashioned as canasta. Novels, which are, at base, optimistic (they hope to "improve," see *Pamela*) made place in our aesthetic prejudice for film, that essentially neutral art form. (And one which will require organization—crew, cast, outside financing—not individual, assertive effort. Film seems closer to a social movement than to an artistic act.) *When the Going Was Good* is instructive, bright entertainment: a decade has been plotted and peopled. This will be the first book, I think, of several on that peculiarly American time. It ought, as any pioneer should, to become a best-seller.

And where are all those air-raid sirens now? □

Artists in Tune with Their World—Masters of Popular Art in the Americas and Their Relation to the Folk Tradition
By Selden Rodman
Simon & Schuster, 223 pp., $19.95

THE POPULAR TOUCH

RUTH BERENSON

Twentieth century art (the point is by now a truism) has been marked by a series of explosions which have effectively destroyed age-old traditional assumptions regarding the nature of art and beauty. In historical perspective, however, none of the artistic explosions of our time seems more surprising than the sudden emergence of so-called "naïve," "folk," or (to use the term preferred by Selden Rodman) "popular art." This art is produced by unschooled, sometimes even illiterate, painters and sculptors who stand aloof from the cultural mainstreams of their societies while remaining paradoxically faithful to the traditions their sophisticated contemporaries have repudiated.

Popular art has always existed, of course; but not until the twentieth century—when, as Mr. Rodman points out, "high art had lost touch with the life around it"—did collectors in Europe, Japan, and the United States vie with one another for its possession. Not the least of the ironies surrounding the popular-art boom is that among its earliest promoters were those epitomes of modernism, Picasso and Kandinsky, whose enthusiasm over *le douanier Rousseau* may be said to have started it.

No one could be better qualified to

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survey the popular arts in the Americas than Mr. Rodman, who has been a trailblazer in the field since the 1940s. Though he is probably best known for the seminal entrepreneurial role he played in the Haitian renaissance—it was he who masterminded the mural decorations of the Protestant cathedral in Port-au-Prince—he has other discoveries to his credit: he was the first to call attention to the black World War I veteran Horace Pippin; the first to write about Martin da Silva and other present-day folk artists in Brazil; and the first to describe Martin Camilo Ayala, doyen of an extraordinarily gifted painter-family living in a remote village in the Mexican state of Guerrero, and perhaps the most exciting of all popular artists to emerge in recent years.

ALL THESE figures reappear, along with many others, in *Artists in Tune with Their World*. Unfortunately the book's subtitle implies a degree of completeness its pages fail to fulfill. Readers fortunate enough to have seen the remarkable exhibition of Black Folk Art that toured the United States this past year will be disappointed that so few of those represented in it, aside from William Edmondson and James Hampton, are discussed; Sister Gertrude Morgan is cursorily mentioned, but her ecstatic visionary paintings are not illustrated. White Americans are also spottily treated—Grandma Moses is missing, for instance, along with other charming limners of pre-industrial times—on the somewhat dubious ground that their work is dependent on European sources. This is true enough, but then Rodman should also have omitted Erastus Salisbury Field, whose "Historical Monument of the American Republic"—although Rodman singles it out as "the first work of art in the United States which does not lean heavily on the English tradition"—was almost certainly inspired by prints after the British romantic, John Martin.

However, these omissions are atoned for by the welcome attention Rodman pays to carvers and printmakers from Canada and the American Northwest and to relatively little-known artists from Honduras, Peru, and Ecuador. His detailed exposition of Haitian art from its beginnings in the 1940s to the present, makes it clear that a third generation of gifted painters and sculptors is currently emerging—proof that the commercialization of Haitian art,

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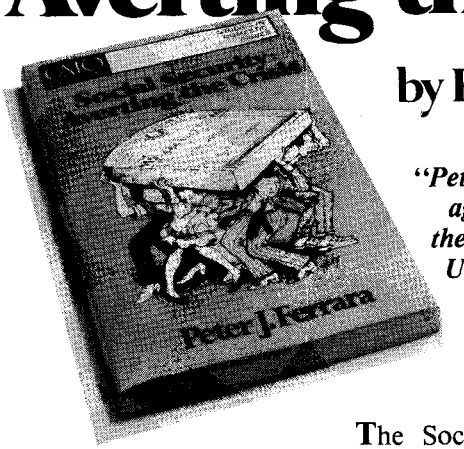

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gloomily predicted by nearly everybody ever since it first came to public notice, has yet to occur.

Given the unfamiliarity of much of the subject matter, it seems too bad that there are no footnotes and that many of the black-and-white illustrations unnecessarily duplicate the color plates; the quality of the black-and-whites also leaves much to be desired. The book is further marred by careless editing, with a number of wrongly numbered text references to the illustrations as well as proofreading errors. Even so, Mr. Rodman's lucid prose and affection for his subject illumine every page, making his book a must for the still burgeoning audience for popular art. □

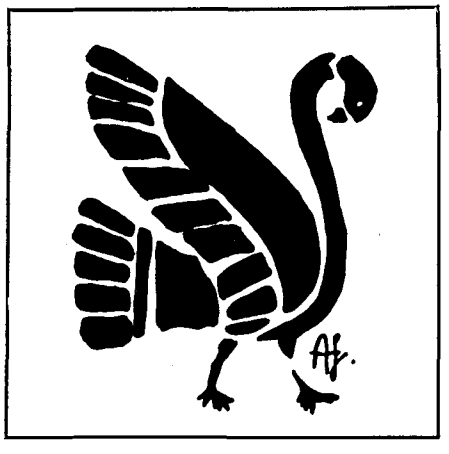
LOOKING BACK

A TWITCH UPON THE THREAD

TERRY TEACHOUT

Ever since André Gide praised Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest* as "a remarkable achievement . . . [which] can be compared only with the best in Hemingway," alert critics, recognizing the rich artistic potential to be found there, have encouraged gifted writers such as Hammett, Chandler, Simenon, and, in our own time, Ross Macdonald in their use of the crime novel as a primary mode of expression.

This has resulted in spiraling literary standards within the genre, a fascinating phenomenon; but perhaps even more fascinating is the fact that the artistically serious *roman policier* didn't start with



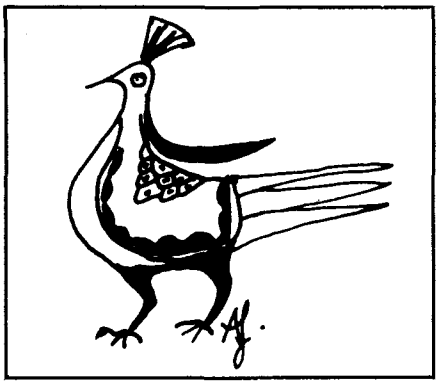
Ross Macdonald, or even with Raymond Chandler. It goes back much further than that: at least as far, indeed, as that fateful day some three-quarters of a century ago when a very short Roman Catholic priest with a dullish face like a Norfolk dumpling, brown paper bag in one hand and cheap umbrella in the other, waddled into the pages of a popular British magazine and solved a jewel heist by asking a bogus cleric a few questions straight out of first-year Aquinas, thus embarking upon a 25-year run as one of the most popular fictional detectives in the English language.

THE DETECTIVE in question, of course, is Father Brown (no first name, just Brown), the best-known and best-loved literary creation of philosopher-journalist G. K. Chesterton. It so happens that Chesterton has lately been going through a revival of sorts; *Orthodoxy* and *St. Thomas Aquinas* are out in paperback again, and Penguin has just resurrected all 51 Father Brown stories in a hefty collection called *The Penguin Complete Father Brown* (718 pp., $8.95 paper). What we *really* need from Penguin, of course, is a well-edited *Portable Chesterton*, a logical follow-up to Russell Kirk's recent *Portable Conservative Reader*; but, for those new to the myriad pleasures afforded by Chesterton, the Father Brown tales are probably as good a starting place as any.

The facts behind the creation of Father Brown are engagingly set forth in Chesterton's *Autobiography*. A conversation between the author and one Father John O'Connor, in which the priest told Chesterton a few hair-raising stories about the theory and practice of vice ("I did not imagine," Chesterton commented, "that the world could hold such horrors"), was interrupted by a couple of Cambridge students who claimed to find it unlikely that a mere celibate could know anything of interest about matters of good and evil. Chesterton was amazed and amused.

> This comment came with such a colossal and crushing irony that I nearly burst into a large harsh laugh. For I knew perfectly well that, as regards all the solid Satanism which the priest knew and warred against with all his life, these two Cambridge gentlemen (luckily for them) knew as much of real evil as two babies in the same perambulator.

The seed was planted; and, lifting a few real-life details from the willing person of



Father O'Connor (who later admitted that "The flat hat is true to life, and the large and cheap umbrella was my defense against wearing an overcoat . . . Brown paper parcels! I carried them whenever I could, having no sense of style or deportment"), Chesterton conjured up a dumpy priest whose complete understanding of sin, all of it acquired in the confessional, made him the scourge of criminals everywhere.

From the very beginning, it was clear that Chesterton was onto something new in the mystery idiom. He had all the ingenuity of Conan Doyle, together with a streak of poetic fantasy which was his alone. The genre suited him perfectly, based as it then was on two of his chief preoccupations: sin and paradox. What really set Chesterton apart from the Golden Age mystery writers to come, though, was the fact that—as W. H. Auden has pointed out—Father Brown "investigates murders, not for his own sake, nor even for the sake of the innocent, but for the sake of the murderer who can save his soul if he will confess and repent."

The sins committed by Chesterton's characters are the real article, not merely some toothless cog in a creaky plot mechanism; and, in committing them, the sinners risk suffering not only the Big Sleep, but the Eternal Nightmare to boot. In "The Flying Stars," one of the early pre-war stories, Father Brown solemnly warns a fleeing thief: "Men may keep a sort of level of good, but no man has ever been able to keep on one level of evil. That road goes down and down. The kind man drinks and turns cruel; the frank man kills and lies about it." Such alarming ethical notions as Father Brown regularly proffered gave an altogether new twist to the largely sterile moral universe of the pre-Hammett detective story; and they unquestionably set the stage for the later development of modern crime fiction, with its emphasis on

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character and motive in the real world as opposed to schematic deception at the vicarage.

Many readers prefer (or, at the very least, find more characteristic of Chesterton) those original pre-war Father Brown stories in which the author's verbal romanticism is given free rein. One thinks, for example, of the lovely passage near the beginning of Chesterton's best tale, "The Queer Feet": "There is in the world a very aged rioter and demagogue who breaks into the most refined retreats with the dreadful information that all men are brothers, and wherever this leveler went on his pale horse it was Father Brown's trade to follow." The pre-war Father Brown was less of a solution-hound and more the inspired, saintly duffer whose head "was always most valuable when he had lost it. In such moments he put two and two together and made four million."

After the war—and, significantly, after his belated conversion to Catholicism—Chesterton revived Father Brown. The tone of the stories changed sharply, though, doubtless reflecting the influence of the Golden Age crime logicians who sprang up in the mid-Twenties; and Father Brown himself had changed as well. Once an informed innocent, he now identified murderers by identifying *with* them.

> I try to get inside the murderer . . . Indeed it's much more than that, don't you see? I *am* inside a man. I am always inside a man, moving his arms and legs; but I wait till I know I am inside a murderer, thinking his thoughts, wrestling with his passions; till I have bent myself into the posture of his hunched and peering hatred . . . I thought and thought about how a man might come to be like that, until I realized that I really *was* like that, in everything except actual final consent to the action. It was once suggested to me by a friend of mine, as a sort of religious exercise . . . and when I am quite sure that I feel exactly like the murderer myself, of course I know who he is.

Some readers regard the best of these later stories as being more apologetically profound than the pre-war tales; and, despite the change in tone and approach, they do generally maintain the high quality of the series as a whole.

Finally, of course, Chesterton came to regard Father Brown as little more than a money-making nuisance, and the weakness of the final collection of Father Brown stories, *The Scandal of Father Brown*, often puts one in mind of an anecdote reported by Chesterton's biographer Dudley Barker: "Sometimes, of a morning, Dorothy Collins would tell him there was less than £100 left in the bank. He would nod gravely and murmur that that meant Father Brown again. After a few hours of thought, he would return with a scribble of notes on a slip of paper, or often no notes at all, and begin dictating . . ." But for the most part, the Father Brown saga is still an enthralling, prophetic achievement that very often gives us Chesterton at the peak of his powers; and we now owe Penguin Books a delightful debt for having made it available in a single volume once again.

THE SECOND book of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* is called "A Twitch upon the Thread." Waugh's title, as it happens, is drawn from "The Queer Feet," and its meaning is explained in a simple speech made to Charles Ryder by Cordelia, youngest and most devout of the Marchmain family: "D'you know what Papa said when he became a Catholic? Mummy told me once. He said to her: 'You have brought back my family to the faith of their ancestors.' Pompous, you know. It takes people different ways. Anyhow, the family haven't been very constant, have they? There's him gone and Sebastian gone and Julia gone. But God won't let them go for long, you know. I wonder if you remember the story Mummy read us the evening Sebastian first got drunk—I mean the *bad* evening. Father Brown said something like 'I caught him' (the thief) 'with an unseen hook and an invisible line which is long enough to let him wander to the ends of the world and still to bring him back with a twitch upon the thread.'"

Father Brown's appearance at this crucial point in the novel amounts to far more than yet another cunning piece of authentic period *accoutrement* skillfully inserted by a war-weary, nostalgic Waugh. Indeed, Chesterton's metaphor, so placed, announces the inmost theme of *Brideshead*; and, in a nutshell, it also manages to suggest all the poetry and spiritual depth of the Father Brown stories themselves. To have a great novel grow out of a single sentence from a popular detective story is a remarkable tribute from author to author, as well as conclusive evidence that crime *does* pay—in artistic dividends. Chesterton would certainly have approved. □

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Art Tatum, for one. Thank the Smithsonian Collection for giving us some of the best of Tatum—a musician blind in the blaze of noon. *Pieces of Eight* is the title of the Smithsonian's Tatum album, and it brings together cuts from old records, radio transcriptions never before issued on LP, tapes made at parties. Tatum was really not an improviser. Turned inward by his blindness, he studied the great popular songs and turned them into little *études*, set pieces. His highly intricate cadenzas, almost dodecaphonic, were carefully and strictly conceived—and to the best of my recollection, he recorded only once in the free-for-all of ensemble jazz.

Tatum's technique was prodigious—too much so, since it seduced him into flowery demonstrations. But the selections in the Smithsonian album—musician's music—are marked by restraint and perfect taste. Sometimes the melody and counter-melody are abandoned as he builds strictly on the chord. In his superlative traversal of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz" the beat, though instinctively felt, is almost absent. In "Memories of You" he interpolates some MacDowell, but he ends up movingly and logically with the Eubie Blake melody.

Teddy Wilson's *Statements and Improvisations: 1934-42*, also issued by the Smithsonian Collection, provides four cuts with impromptu bands (two with Red Norvo and two under his own name) and 12 solo cuts. This is as it should be, for Wilson *qua* band pianist can be heard on that notable series of all-star recordings he made in the Thirties for Brunswick, usually with Billie Holiday as vocalist, as well as in the many recordings he made with the Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet. It is the conventional wisdom that Wilson's style evolved from the Louis Armstrong-Earl Hines marriage of true minds which gave us what is called trumpet-style piano. But Wilson's evocations are more graceful and his suspended rhythms give his improvisations a particular movement.

THE LINER notes point out that Wilson's right hand "spun out metrically immaculate and exceedingly lyric melodies in single-note lines or feather-light octaves"—always strung close to the beat. Some jazz critics have complained that Wilson was Mozartean, and certainly there is nothing gut-bucket about his playing. But listen to his solos of "These Foolish Things" or "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," made during his prime, and you will perceive that this quality comes not from any absence of jazz modalities but from a magnificent balance, control, and sense of form. (I sorrow only because the Smithsonian editor did not include that stunning blues, made with Harry James —"Just a Mood.")

Willie "The Lion" Smith, derby hat on head and cigar clenched between gold teeth, never achieved the fame that should have been his. A first-class composer in a quasi-jazz vein, he was closer to ragtime than to the jazz of the late Thirties—and I would love to hear Dick Wellstood doing an album of these works. The Lion was happiest when alone at the keyboard, though he was formidable in ensemble. Harlem was his habitat, and it was not until Milt Gable recorded 16 sides—eight originals, six great popular songs, and two in-the-studio impromptus—that The Lion had a real hearing.

The eight originals, selected from The Lion's one hundred or so published compositions, have a winsomeness that draws on ragtime and on more "modern" harmonics. They are light, yet contain their own internal power, rhythmic discipline, and melodic charm. In the popular tunes—among them Vernon Duke's "What Is There to Say" and the almost fugal reshaping of Vincent Youmans's "Tea for Two"—The Lion is closer to Tatum and the Harlem tradition, full of the progressions that Duke Ellington adopted and adapted to his own use.

FATS WALLER. I remember him at the old Apollo in Harlem, clowning as always, leaving the piano to wrap his not inconsiderable derrière in the proscenium curtain and wriggling it obscenely. Rocking, socking, an irrepressible showman and a master of musical satire, he would disembowel Tin Pan Alley's more inane creations vocally and on the keyboard. But even in his lightest moments, he was always the virtuoso, always the master of ragtime *cum* jazz—right hand and left hand in counter-syncopations on the strong and weak beats of the measure. (In "Tea for Two" he swings the melodic line from right hand to left in a dazzling display.)

The Merritt Record Society has issued a three-disk album of Waller recordings made for radio in the Thirties: *Oh Mercy, Looka Here—Fats Waller, His Piano, His Rhythm: 1935-1939.* These, more than the many recordings he made for Victor and other labels, give you the essential Fats—Fats with band, Fats solo, Fats singing or silent. Because these cuts were taken from radio programs, you can hear different improvisations on the same tunes, and they show his infinite variety on the pops and on his own "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Honeysuckle Rose." The very best of it is in the solo cuts—the strongly ragtimish "Handful of Keys" and the very moving "E-Flat Blues."

Four men playing piano jazz, and all four great. □

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RICHARD BROOKHISER

How did Rome get to be called "the Eternal City"? Eternity—the transcendence of time—is the last thing Rome is. By its very endurance, it is a museum of time's transformations. Baroque fountains support Roman copies of Egyptian obelisks, which support tiny saints on their tips. Women shop in boutiques along a street following the path of a Carnival racecourse. Goethe's old restaurant, in the Jewish ghetto, has a dish on its menu named after Jean-Paul Sartre (being and nothingness, my foot).

Rome has had a long time to accumulate anomalies. For 26 centuries, it has been the capital of a state or a church. Is there any other city, past or present, with such a record? The emperors moved to Kyoto in the papacy of Adrian I; Jerusalem was sacked by Hadrian. Angkor became jungle just after the Great Schism, Babylon desert just before the first Punic War.

Other myths, equally false, confuse the traveler. The dreaded Roman traffic, for one. Granted, I was there in August when the city was close to empty. But the drivers that remained seemed to heed the red lights better than the average New York City cabbie. Any pedestrian who honed his jay-walking skills in the Big Apple should have no trouble in Rome. And feet are probably the best means of transport, although Rome sprawls. Cabs cannot be hailed, and the subway system goes nowhere in particular. Every block has a bar or café to bolster the weary flesh. Don't miss the *mela stregata*—apple-shaped chocolate ice creams—on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele across the river from the Vatican.

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Italians are incompetent. (What a curious boast for a dictator, when you think about it—that he made the trains run on time. For that you need Fascism?) I wonder. I suspect they are no less competent today than when they invented the dome, or the modern world. They simply restrict their talents to areas which interest them. Administrative efficiency may have dropped off the list since the days of ancient Rome, but there is plenty left. For real ten-thumbed blundering in the affairs of daily life, you have to go to England.

We had better hope they are adept, anyway, since they are about our only allies in NATO who act like they still belong to the organization. Ambassador Maxwell Raab is enthusiastic about American-Italian relations. The rescue of Brigadier General Dozier; a discreet moratorium on Italian contributions to the Gulag pipeline; an agreement to install Pershing missiles at Comiso in Sicily; Italian participation in the evacuation of Beirut—all these have been bright exceptions to the European rule.

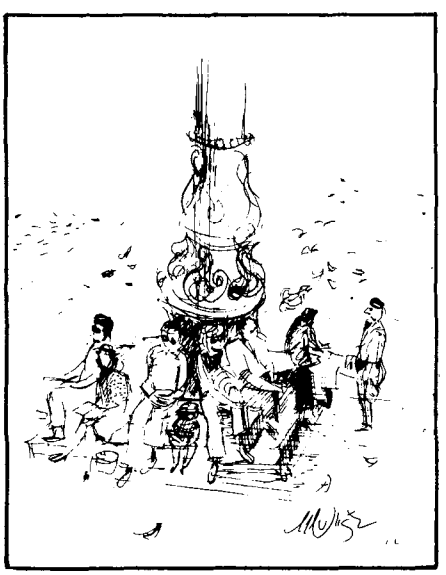
Ambassador Raab was in town in the midst of Italy's umpteenth parliamentary crisis, as a result of which the five parties of the ruling coalition reshuffled themselves marginally. The Italian political system makes for long discussions, Raab said, because you have to talk to five times as many people as you normally might. He spoke highly of them all, though, and suggested that the Communists were losing steam. His life has been constricted ever since he achieved the "dubious honor," as an American and a Jew, of being on Qaddafi's hit list. Ambassador Raab had hankered to visit a Chinese restaurant recently, until he realized he would have needed to move "half of Italy" to go.

The last aesthetic wave to sweep the city was the Baroque, and it is mostly gruesome. The Gesù, the mother church of the Jesuits, is astonishingly ugly—cartloads of lapis lazuli, all of it wasted—while Baroque painting seems to alternate between sadism, pornography, and sentimentality, in a stylistic mix somewhere between bad Christmas cards and Conan comic books.

There are enough exceptions to make this generalization unfair. Baroque fountains are joyous, swirling stone and tranquil water, a delight to the eye and ear. The smaller Baroque churches get, the more coherent their forms become, until they transform themselves from movie houses to jewel boxes. Bernini's "Ecstasy of St. Teresa," which I was expecting to find irksome—"If this is divine love," one Roman wit remarked after it was unveiled, "then I have known it"—turned out to be gentle and serene.

And there is St. Peter's, the biggest church in the world, as the little floor markers showing where the porticoes of St. Paul's or St. Sophia would reach if they were plopped inside remind you—and yet, somehow, the lightest church in existence. Gothic cathedrals inspire awe; St. Peter's edges toward fun. The two masterpieces within, apart from the masterpiece of the church as a whole, are the Pietà, beautifully restored though I think a little out of place, and Bernini's baldaquin, the gilt-bronze canopy over the tomb of St. Peter, perfectly in place. Bernini's patron, the current Barberini pope, stripped the bronze off the doors of the Pantheon ("What the barbarians didn't do," said another wit, "the Barberini did"); it was a triumph of engineering; and it looks like the work of a day, as indeed the wood and paper processional canopies it mimics are. "Here You go," it seems to say, "the best I can do. If You don't like it, and it's little enough, that's okay too."

The first and last days of my week in Rome I spent at the Forum. There is no beauty there, as at the Acropolis; only man's works, and what time has done to them. The columns are tumbled; a few still point, like witless fingers. The stones where Cicero spoke and Sejanus was betrayed are given over to dust, and scurrying lizards, and yellow and purple flowers. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

A FEW MINUTES WITH ANDY ROONEY, *by Andrew A. Rooney (Atheneum, 245 pp., $12.95).* How *did* we all survive the Sixties, anyway? Well, the television watchers among us got more than a little help from Harry Reasoner and Andrew Rooney, whose durable you-write-'em, I'll-read-'em collaboration resulted in a string of refreshing televised "essays" on such timeless topics as whisky, chairs, bridges, and women. ("Essay on Women," as you may remember, opened with this memorable warning: "This broadcast was prepared by men, and makes no claim to being fair. Prejudice has saved us a great deal of time in preparation.") It was a sad day when Mr. Reasoner departed for ABC and his ill-fated rendezvous with Barbara Walters, leaving one frustrated ex-partner in the lurch; but CBS soon discovered that Andrew Rooney had an equally engaging on-camera personality, and ultimately decided to put him to work reading his own scripts. Now he's a weekly fixture on *60 Minutes* and the author of a new book, *A Few Minutes with Andy Rooney*, an illustrated collection of scripts named after Rooney's regular *60 Minutes* spot which turns out to be very nearly as pleasant as the original TV broadcasts from which it derives. Indeed, many of the pieces included here read better than they play, since Mr. Rooney's aging-curmudgeon delivery tends to veer dangerously close to self-parody. The three "Mr. Rooney Goes to . . ." scripts, which contain a good deal of transcribed dialogue, read rather bumpily when reproduced in cold print; but the essays on chairs, hotels, and war, which give Rooney a chance to speak his mind properly without being crammed into the overworked "Why is it that so-and-so isn't what it used to be?" format of his *60 Minutes* pieces, come off quite satisfactorily and are the best things in the book. Overall, the text is a bit long, and the dustjacket is very much overwrought—various people, not a few of them from CBS, compare the author to the likes of Mencken, Twain, and Perelman—but, even so, fans need not hesitate.

TERRY TEACHOUT

CATCHER IN THE WRY, *by Bob Uecker and Mickey Herskowitz (Putnam's, 222 pp., $12.95).* Bob Uecker spent six years in the major leagues, 1962-67, during which he played for the Milwaukee Braves, the 1964 champion St. Louis Cardinals, the Philadelphia Phillies, and the Atlanta Braves. He batted .200, with 14 home runs and 74 runs batted in: not exactly memorable career stats. But he also shagged fly balls with a tuba, cut up in the bullpen, caught War-

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"CONGRESS," Bruce L. Gardner remarks in *The Governing of Agriculture* (The International Center for Economic Policy Studies and the Institute for the Study of Market Agriculture; The Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas; $17.95), ". . . becomes a metaphor *à la* Clausewitz—it is a continuation of the struggle for wealth by other means. . . . Thus, while we may give an economic-theory rationale for Congress to ban futures trading in potatoes . . . the reason that this becomes a legislative matter is the strong feeling of an organized group that they would do better financially without a futures market."

Mr. Gardner in short does not believe in government intervention in agriculture. At least, he argues, the issue is primarily a matter of emphasis: "Do we want a market mechanism, with regulation only under clearly spelled-out and justified circumstances; or do we want a basically administrative pricing mechanism, with market forces permitted to rule only when they can be specifically justified and approved?" Gardner believes that American agricultural policy is tending steadily toward the administrative point of view.

As he says, the policy-analysis critique of the mess that is contemporary farm policy is essentially a critique of the market; while the political-economy critique is mainly a condemnation of government. "Having identified the market's deficiencies, one shows how governmental action can remedy the situation. However, this is the point at which the political-economy approach must be considered. Unfortunately, our theories of governmental behavior are not as well developed as our theories of market behavior." (As is no doubt already evident, Gardner is a witty, pithy, and very *quotable* writer.) He acknowledges forthrightly the problems that arise under an unregulated system: the market economy indeed has its faults (at least, leads to faults). Nevertheless, he believes that regulation leads ineluctably to even worse ones.

Let us grant that "the prime area for governmental activity in the public interest is stabilization policy." All right: there have been plenty of cases in which agricultural prices have needlessly fluctuated. Still, Gardner finds little reason to conclude that government could have succeeded in preventing these fluctuations where the market failed to do so. (For example, Gardner is a believer in the possible efficacy of a commodity-options market as a means of control. Unfortunately Congress—"in its wisdom"—made options-trading in the major agricultural commodities illegal in 1936.)

The trouble of course is twofold: 1) government policy has always operated, here as elsewhere, as a method of redistribution or the protection of special interests; 2) the activities Congress knows best are pie-slicing and buck-passing. As American agriculture passes into the hands of fewer and larger farmers, the political pressures it can bring to bear on Washington grow more and more problematical. Congress as a whole cannot comprehend the complexities of agricultural policy; it leaves them to Representatives from the farm states, who in turn rely on lobbyists for their "expertise." Congress has grown adept at seeming to give lobbyists what they want without actually doing so: then, by dint of broad discretionary powers, the issues get bounced upward into the lap of the already-burdened Executive branch ("virtually . . . the manager-in-chief of U.S. agriculture").

OF COURSE the "producers" (a/k/a farmers) evince great alarm at the notion of government relinquishing its regulatory functions, overstating as they do the chaos a market orientation would bring. Their panic, Gardner argues, stems almost entirely from their underestimation of the degree to which the private market would supply the risk-management institutions now provided by government—thus giving the best solution to dilemmas that have beset American agriculture and its regulators for a hundred years. □

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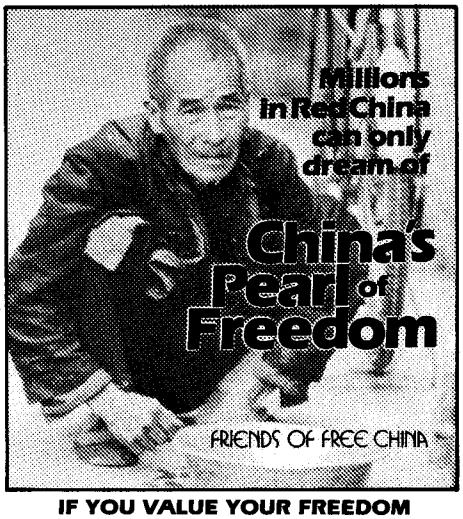

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ren Spahn, had unlikely good luck hitting Sandy Koufax, and had his own fan club. He was, in short, that familiar baseball type, the player who completes every team: the flake; which is probably why today he is a broadcaster for the Milwaukee Brewers and ABC-TV. Apart from occasional lapses into humor that would be better left in the Borscht Belt, Uecker is funny in a deadpan, self-deprecatory way, which is what you want from a book purporting to tell "hilarious true stories of baseball." Here is Bob Uecker on his team: "The 1964 Cardinals were the perfect team for a player whose personality demanded expression. There was talent on the field, intrigue in the front office, and madness in the clubhouse." His career: "According to my calculations, in my six years in the majors I did not play in 675 games, not counting All-Star games . . . Looking back over my entire career, I am proudest of the World Series I did not play in for the Cardinals in '64. Tim McCarver caught every inning of every game." About free agents: "As a former player, I have mixed feelings about free agency. It is like coed housing in college. We are shocked and confused, and we ask why didn't it happen twenty years ago?" The author also provides a number of stories about his contemporaries—Hank Aaron, Ray Sadecki, Bob Gibson, and Richie Allen. He even provides the Bob Uecker All-Star Team, which includes such stellar figures as Marv Throneberry, Doug Rader, Ruben Amaro, Frank Howard, and Ken MacKenzie, for various reasons. This is not an Important book, and it will not affect the economy, the November elections, or foreign policy, but along about World Series time it will cheer the nostalgic, educate the young, and hearten the disillusioned. JOE MYSAK

THE ART OF LIVING AND OTHER STORIES, *by John Gardner (Knopf, 310 pp., $12.95).* In John Gardner's latest collection of short stories, he has created characters who react to events with a shaped and predetermined response. For a brief moment existence is tidied up and revealed as having order and significance. In "The Joy of the Just," the best story in the book, an old woman treated like a child ensures that the preacher who lied to her gets his just deserts. It is a story more comic than cosmic, but Aunt Ella plots the retribution as carefully as any Mafia Don. The title story, "The Art of Living," offers a more grisly and macabre account of grief and its expiation. A sorrowing father whose son has been killed in Vietnam is a chef at a local restaurant. He insists on preparing an ancient Chinese dish that requires as its chief ingredient a freshly killed dog—a dish, we are told, that promises a covenant with the dead and with the wisdom of the past. Some of the stories are strained and consciously intellectual, but the collection as a whole is well-crafted and will do much to advance Gardner's already considerable reputation. JUDITH CHETTLE

ON STORIES, *by C. S. Lewis, edited by Walter Hooper (Harcourt Brace, 153 pp., $4.95).* You need not fear the exhaustion of the stream of C. S. Lewis books produced by Walter Hooper. But although still more books are in the works, *On Stories* may contain some of the last uncollected critical essays by Lewis. *On Stories* deftly assembles what Lewis wrote on the subject of "story" itself. Why do stories intrigue us? What's the best way of criticizing stories? Why do we like children's tales, science fiction, or the stories of Tolkien, Sayers, Williams, Orwell, and Rider Haggard? Even as a youth Lewis was intrigued by the mythic quality of stories. He always loved writers who could make a myth, who could externalize in a story the most basic psychological or spiritual forces. In these essays, he tries to understand and explain this love. The book is radiant with those short flashes of brilliance which are so characteristic of Lewis: "No one is indifferent to the mythopoeic," he notes. "You either love it or else hate it 'with a perfect hatred.'" Thus, after decades of despising the literature cherished by Lewis, many literary critics are now enraptured with their discovery of myth. The next step for them is to grant Lewis's more radical point, that the myths are true. *On Stories* does show that if the stream of Lewis criticism isn't dry, its waters are being recycled, for nearly two-thirds of the contents of this book appears in other volumes (although those other volumes are out of print in England, which is why this book was produced). Still, the important essays on Sayers, Tolkien, and Haggard are new, and in any case one welcomes a second draught of these waters. DAN RITCHIE

CRUMPET

(Continued from page 1218)

ate cause of his suicide, they say, was that his wife was—*is*, oh my word!—conducting an unnatural relationship with his sister, about whose taste he had ever been distressed. He has begot a great polemic, because in life he vociferated his atheism and refused to permit his children to receive religious instruction in the Church; so that when his eldest son and an uncle petitioned the priest for a religious funeral followed by burial in the sacred earth of the cemetery, the old geezer—the priest, that is—balked, for which he was forthwith beaten up, and everyone is of course furious with him for the public scandal he has occasioned and the bad name they fear he will give to the town.

One must not be narrow or sectarian in the New Spain, goodness gracious, no; one must profess the highest personal integrity and an unflagging devotion to the poor and humble; and it is true that the mores of humble folk in the provinces take after those of their betters, who are all in politics. I should conclude on a political note, Miss Buckley. As you can infer, things are a mess here. Inflation rages, bankruptcies abound, factories shut down, joblessness soars, ETA killings continue, corruption spreads, and the National Selection plays all its World Cup soccer matches like they got 22 left feet; *madre!*

I wish I could tell you what Spain's statesmen plan to do about it, but I can't, not after seven weeks of diligent reading of several different newspapers can I, Miss Buckley, because I haven't heard one politician advance a *single* suggestion, measure, program, or idea. Ideas in particular seem to be utterly wanting. Like foundering athletic teams, all they seem able to think to do is change the managers, but what the new ones may propose, and wherein lies their competence, is a mystery. They have statements of principle somewhere on the back burner, and some have platforms, but they are so banal maybe it's no wonder their authors don't trot them out, even in Babylon there is *vergüenza* (shame). All you read about is the jockeying of this or that ambitious person; of alliances born overnight and evanescing by the next; of stabs in the political back, denunciations, and plots; of betrayed promises, and sinecures given or yanked from under; but not a word about how to save the *olla podrida* that has become poor Spain.

Oh, the rascals! The business of democracy, as they see it, is grabbing power and the spoils thereof. It's enough to make a strong man weep, Miss Buckley. The other day in Barcelona an interview was "celebrated" with Antonio de Senillosa, the distinguished Deputy of the Democratic Coalition Party (CD), which the Count of Motrico founded after departing the UCD (Center Democratic Union, which he helped found also), and which he (Motrico) has since abandoned to sign up once again with the UCD. Senillosa made clear that *he* will not continue with that lackluster potpourri, the CD, either, of which he was himself a prime ingredient, nor will he default to the right in company with

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Fraga Iribarne, who helped set up the UCD with Motrico, departing it also when Adolfo Suárez bulled his way in, and who then founded the Alianza Popular after Motrico said no thanks, he had had enough for one evening, just a little olive in it please. No indeed. Don Antonio is entertaining several interesting offers from parties of presumably different political content who hope to lure him into their lists, which he is thinking over while spending a tranquil few weeks at his country house nearby.

Does he struggle with ideological distinctions? Not hardly. "With Felipe González," he said, speaking of the ebullient leader of the Spanish Workers' Party (PSOE), "I find myself very much at my ease. We can talk of poetry. . . . Besides, Felipe has a progressive vision of society that I pursue, and he is an amusing guy." It is true, he confirmed, that the Count of Motrico will be visiting him, and is an "intimate friend, but that doesn't mean that where he goes there I will follow." Adolfo Suárez, now, His Excellency the Duke, who just the other day walked out of the UCD because the party would not make him king of the mountain, and he won't play unless he is king, and who has since announced the formation of yet another political force, the Center Social Democratic Party (CDS), has started something that Sr. Senillosa finds "interesting," though what that may consist of he doesn't say, if someone can tell me what the CDS is about other than getting Suárez back into the arena I will report it; but Sr. Senillosa confesses that he has very recently "sustained" a long conversation with the Duke, with whom he found himself in agreement on many, many issues, whatever they are; and in fact Suárez solicited his "integration" into the CDS ranks, though Sr. Senillosa will have us know that he is not one to bend with the latest breeze just because it seems he can be better blown that way.

Antonio Garrigues, you see—the distinguished playwright *manqué*, who just this past spring founded the Liberal Party because if you can't get your script produced, what do you do? why, buy a theater—has made Sr. Senillosa a handsome offer—very tempting indeed. Don Antonio (de Senillosa) points out that he was an "obstinate defender of liberal theories" (read semi-socialist) during the regime of Dictator the late Francisco Franco, and in fact was at one time jailed for his liberal principles, which signal martyrdom, cynical folk say, Sr. Senillosa never tires of mentioning. But, no: Felipe González's PSOE, Adolfo Suárez's CDS, Antonio Garrigues's Partido Liberal—Don Antonio de Senillosa, gentleman of comfortable means married to merchant wealth, is devoting this August to reflection on *all* their offers, in the meantime reaffirming what he has always maintained, namely, that it is "necessary to uplift the moral tone of politics in Spain. One has to conduct a more advanced, daring, and progressive politics, and which is at the same time the most amusing possible."

Yours as ever, Miss Buckley,

PETER CRUMPET

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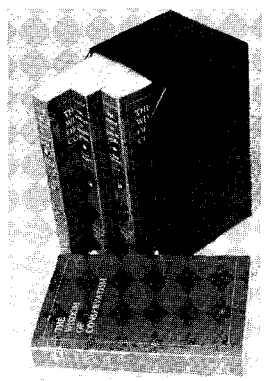

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reagan and the Mideast

On The Right

New York, Sept. 13—Here are the reasons to applaud Mr. Reagan's initiatives in the Mideast:

1. The meaning of Camp David. The agreement in 1978 is the only document since United Nations Resolution 242, executed in 1967, that has been signed between contending powers in the Mideast. Israel lived up honorably to its commitment to quit the Sinai. But Israel's government (not here to be confused with "Israel" any more than Mr. Reagan's government is to be confused with "the United States") contends that it was not implicit in the Camp David Accords that settlements in the West Bank by Israelis were to freeze at the then present level.

Now, a clarification of this dispute is quite simply necessary. Because the Arabs, most conspicuously the Egyptians, as also the United States negotiators, have flatly asserted that Camp David makes no sense in the absence of such an understanding. If the design of Camp David was to turn the West Bank over to the Palestinians after a five-year period during which negotiations would go forward on the exact character of the evolving entity, then no sense at all could be made of any continuing colonization of the area by Israelis.

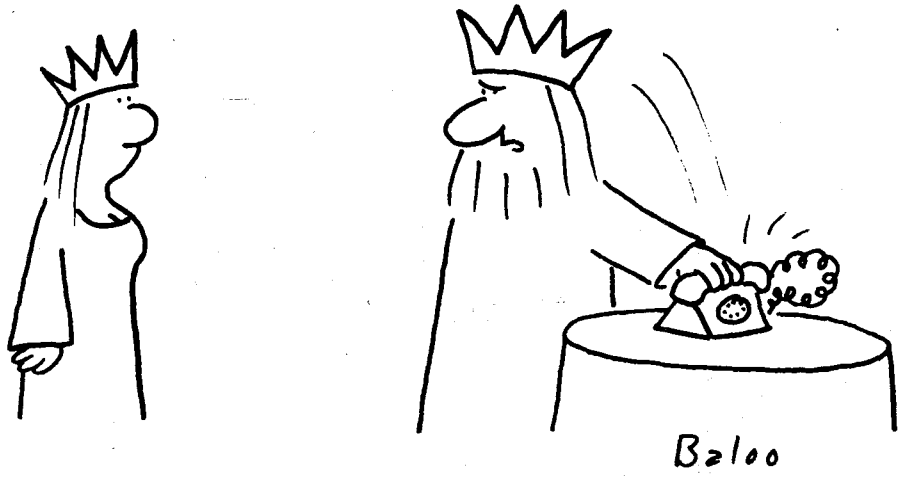
Moreover, Israeli settlements in the area have been accompanied by unpleasant deposals of local Palestinian officials who have been careful not to link up with the PLO. The sudden annexation of the Golan Heights suggested to the Arab world the likelihood that Mr. Begin would take just that final step respecting the West Bank—clearly in defiance of the Camp David Accords, as also of Resolution 242. Since the government of the United States is correctly perceived by the Arab world as the principal mediator in the Mideast, it has become crucial that a stand be taken against a unilateral interpretation of treaty language, to which Mr. Begin is clearly disposed. No urbane observer of the Israeli scene can persuasively argue that annexation of the West Bank is not a design of the Begin government. If the United States is to continue to play a decisive role as mediator in the Mideast, it has got to assert itself as to the essential meaning of previous negotiations.

2. Jordan is the critical power in the area. Only last week, Jordan's King Hussein in an interview said the Camp David Accords had to be scotched. Any leverage on the opinion of Arab moderates would end if the U.S. went along with the evolving understanding, by Begin, of Israel's obligations under Camp David. Only by reasserting their meaning now could one hope to argue in good faith with Hussein.

Now what exactly is to be Jordan's role in the West Bank? No one's sovereignty has in the past been more directly threatened by the PLO than Hussein's. Hussein is the logical midwife, then, of a moderate coalition of unarmed Palestians who would preside over the extra-military, extra-diplomatic affairs of a Palestinian federation in the West Bank and in Gaza. Hussein, in other words, has interests similar to our own. He does not desire an armed PLO governing the affairs of the West Bank. But for organic reasons he must associate himself with the cause of a Palestinian homeland. He must seek to reify what Begin himself, however reluctantly, called at the time of Camp David the "legitimate interests" of the Palestinians.

3. And, finally, Begin's appetite for national expansion has simply got to be acknowledged. To do otherwise is to behave surrealistically. And such behavior would not have got Habib the settlement he achieved in Lebanon. A policy in the Mideast, because it is the chosen policy of Israel, cannot *eo ipso* become the policy of the United States. Not only because it is wrong to hand over plenipotentiary rights to Israel—or to any country. But because the special character of Israel is vitiated by the territorial licentiousness of Begin. Israel is in so many respects a great moral phenomenon: a self-made democratic state, created by sweat and blood; the incarnation of a historical vision; a foster-child of the United States and of other well-meaning powers. To encourage its transformation into an expansionist power utterly indifferent to feelings in others similar to those that animated Israel is an unfriendly thing to do. Even as it would have been an unfriendly thing to do to the United States, before the Civil War, to attempt to reconcile the doctrines of John C. Calhoun with those of the Founding Fathers. Calhoun, like Begin, was eloquent, tenacious, and wrong. □

WAS IT A JUNKET? *New York*, Sept. 10—Here is how it went. The Israeli government, convinced that it was getting a raw deal in the press over events in Lebanon, issued a number of



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invitations to journalists. They were to this effect: Would you drop everything, come to Israel, let us take you into Lebanon, survey the situation, and decide for yourself whether we are behaving as heinously as alleged? We'll pay your travel, and pick up the tab in Israel.

Several of these journalists accepted. One of them is Michael Kinsley, the editor of *Harper's*, young, bright, left-lib, literate. He goes to Israel, spends several days on his missions, and sets out to write a piece on what he learned.

BUT THE CHAIRMAN of the board of directors of *Harper's*, Mr. Donald Petrie, a lawyer and investment banker, hears of this, denounces Kinsley for accepting the free round trip (some dare call it a junket), and tells him by God Kinsley's not going to write a piece about Israel having taken Israeli money. Kinsley says, Look, who hired you as editor of *Harper's*?—that's my department. Petrie says, You're fired. Kinsley sends $2,000 to the Israeli press society, just to straighten *that* business out, and leaves the office. A day later Petrie calls back, in a Michael-let's-talk-this-over tone of voice, and restores Kinsley to office pending a general review of the question at a meeting of the full board at which, one hopes, the following analyses will show their face:

1. The resources of small-circulation magazines (the circulation of *Harper's* is 140,000) do not permit cavalier attitudes toward expenses. I edit a magazine which would collapse at the mere thought of forking out $2,000 to pay the expenses of a single story. A question editors of small magazines need then to ask is, "Will a reader benefit from a story that eventuates from on-the-spot coverage by one of our writers?" In the *Harper's* case, Kinsley needed to go no further, to answer this question, than to Kinsley himself.

2. Another question an editor needs to ask, though this one *sotto voce*, is: Will old Joe, if he goes to Israel, be seduced into writing a story that conflicts with the truth? This question is not easily answered as to the objective guilt of Israel—reasonable men can differ, and do. With respect to the seducibility of Joe, the editor is the only relevant judge. If Petrie really thinks Kinsley can be bought for two grand, he should fire him right away. I'll pay Kinsley three grand to come out for Reagan.

3. The presumption is that writers who wish to stay in business don't, for professional and other reasons, sell out in return for a round trip. I have on more than one occasion suggested to correspondents that not all travel is a junket. I know a lot of people (I am one of them) who would groan at the thought of having to go to Israel, then to Lebanon, then back to Israel, then to New York, to do a story. We all do that kind of thing, but it is wildly inaccurate to say that it is all fun. I remember telling Mike Wallace that William Paley had told me the day before that he was thinking of increasing the schedule of *60 Minutes* from 26 to 39 per year. Thirteen more *junkets* for the *60 Minutes* team? If you believe that, you will believe writing is all fun.

4. It is incorrect to permit the behavior of the least honorable of a profession to shape your views about professional standards. In 1966 a Los Angeles columnist then being published five times a week suggested to Ronald Reagan, who was running for governor, that an appropriate payment in order to receive favorable notice would be $1,000 per month. Mr. Reagan both declined and learned something about supply-side economics. That some commentators have at some point sold their favors does not validate standards based on the presumption that all commentators sell their favors. Mr. Petrie's position will make John Calvin joyous, except that joy is a sin. □

MEANWHILE IN BOSTON

New York, Sept. 15—Probably the most interesting race being run this November is in Boston, against Tip O'Neill. Against Tip O'Neill? Nobody runs against Tip O'Neill! "I'm not afraid of death," Frank L. McNamara Jr. said, smiling, "so why should I be afraid of losing to Tip O'Neill?" That is an interesting thought.

And its author is an interesting man. As the voters in the 8th Congressional District in Massachusetts are finding out. The presumption has been that to run against Tip is on the order of running against the Pope. You just don't do it. Well, you go through the motions. The last candidate who ran against Tip got 22 per cent of the vote. McNamara, he thinks, as do others who are backing him, is different.

He certainly is, and he has insights into what is happening in American politics and what is happening to the Democratic Party which will receive a thorough ventilation in the weeks ahead. An astonishing half-million dollars has been raised for McNamara. The typical contributor sends $20. By contrast, O'Neill's average contribution is over $900. Twenty-seven thousand people have contributed to McNamara's campaign. Tip's contributors are merely in the hundreds, and some of them oil tycoons.

Who is he? McNamara spent nine years in parochial schools. Then public high school. Then Harvard (*cum laude*). Then to the Navy as a volunteer. Officer in the Pacific. Intelligence work in the Pentagon. Then to the University of Virginia Law School. Then private practice in Boston.

McNamara arrived at Harvard a liberal Democrat. But four years with fellow Democrats who derided America and its institutions turned him toward the Republican Party. And there is something in McNamara's view of life that welcomes taking on the symbol of the Democratic Party. Tip O'Neill, he points out, has spent only five months of his entire working life (he is 69) in the private sector. "Tip knows better than most how to redistribute wealth," McNamara observes. "But he doesn't know how to create it."

NOW MCNAMARA'S thesis, not so dissimilar from that of theorist Kevin Phillips, is that the blue-collar, ethnic-minded, traditionally Democratic voter in urban Massachusetts is waking up to recognize that the Democratic Party has evolved in two directions. The first is that of the bloated, cynical redistributionist handing out favors by playing shell games with money and paying for the exercise through inflation. The second wing of the Democratic Party they see is associated with abortion on demand, pornography, pacifism, libertinage, anti-prayer, anti-private schools. The kind of thing that makes up much of what such Democrats, thought invincible, as McGovern, Church, Culver, and Clark were associated with, when suddenly the voters eased them out of public life. McNamara says he is running against: "A bloated Federal Government; an intrusive federal bureaucracy; a confiscatory system of taxation; a wasteful program of public welfare; an ineffective criminal-justice system; a fat, and hence weak, national defense; a trillion-dollar national debt." Right on.

It is true that the registration, where McNamara is giving battle, is 8 to 1 Democratic. But Carter managed to beat Reagan in the same district by less than 2 to 1. The figures eloquently bespeak Democratic disaffection.

Commentators and cartoonists will miss Tip O'Neill. But we must be good soldiers, and prepare to live without him. Besides, Frank McNamara is a very hot numero, and we should keep our eyes on him. Imagine, beating Tip O'Neill this year, and Teddy Kennedy six years later; I mean, that's a hell of a contribution, even from the state that gave us Paul Revere. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A healer if one word; definitely a criminal if two — 53 108 88 60 16 47 154 67 147

B. Harassed a freshman — 58 72 87 96 150

C. A citizen of a Baltic republic now part of Soviet empire — 65 20 175 74 30 142 97 13

D. Dusted off by a Boston pitcher — 73 109 99 171 149 89

E. To withdraw church fellowship from — 80 112 81 29 3 11 6 85 120 49 61 71 55

F. A watering place during Prohibition Era — 98 5 21 37 50 129 124 133 44

G. An American writer (1894–1961) — 103 174 46 19 7 163 137

H. Thought — 132 63 156 134 170 100 45 91

I. Item worn in a cravat — 22 14 31 34 48 62

J. Good feeling — 139 51 32 23 78 162 145 169

K. Don't drop an atom here! — 155 136 82 167

L. Commander of the Praetorian Guard under Tiberius — 168 161 68 151 101 75 138

M. The study of a language's pronunciation — 2 36 77 135 84 143 52 125

N. LEFT SHOP (anagram) — 144 121 165 126 160 114 56 102

O. John Doe? (phrase) — 119 17 33 40 15 54 66 70 83 90 93 4

P. A favorite term among computer owners — 9 38 116 127 159

Q. A former Representative and Senator from Minnesota (1878–1940) — 8 158 110 39 105 117 166

R. What a right-hand man might favor — 122 111 26 153 41 115 106 92

S. A pen where certain members of the hare family live — 128 12 79 157 172 57 64 69 76 10 104

T. A solemn attestation of the truth — 18 94 107 130

U. The opposite of *haw* — 173 42 59

V. Being — 35 43 113 24 140 152

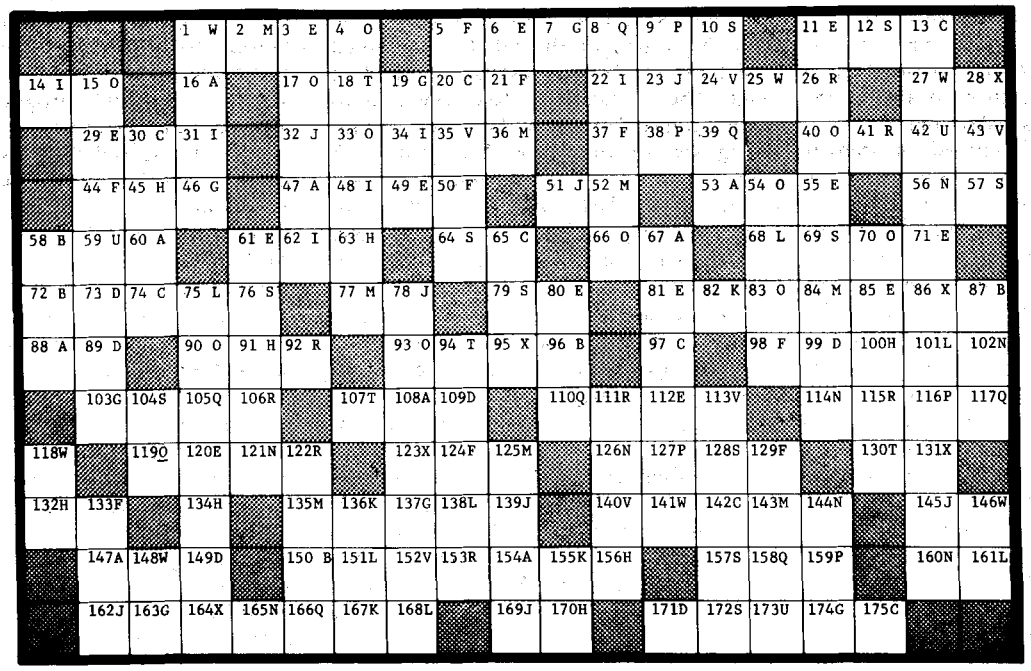
W. Wine drunk by King Claudius and poured by poor Yorick — 118 141 25 146 27 1 148

X. What a book with a backbone is — 123 164 86 28 131 95

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1238 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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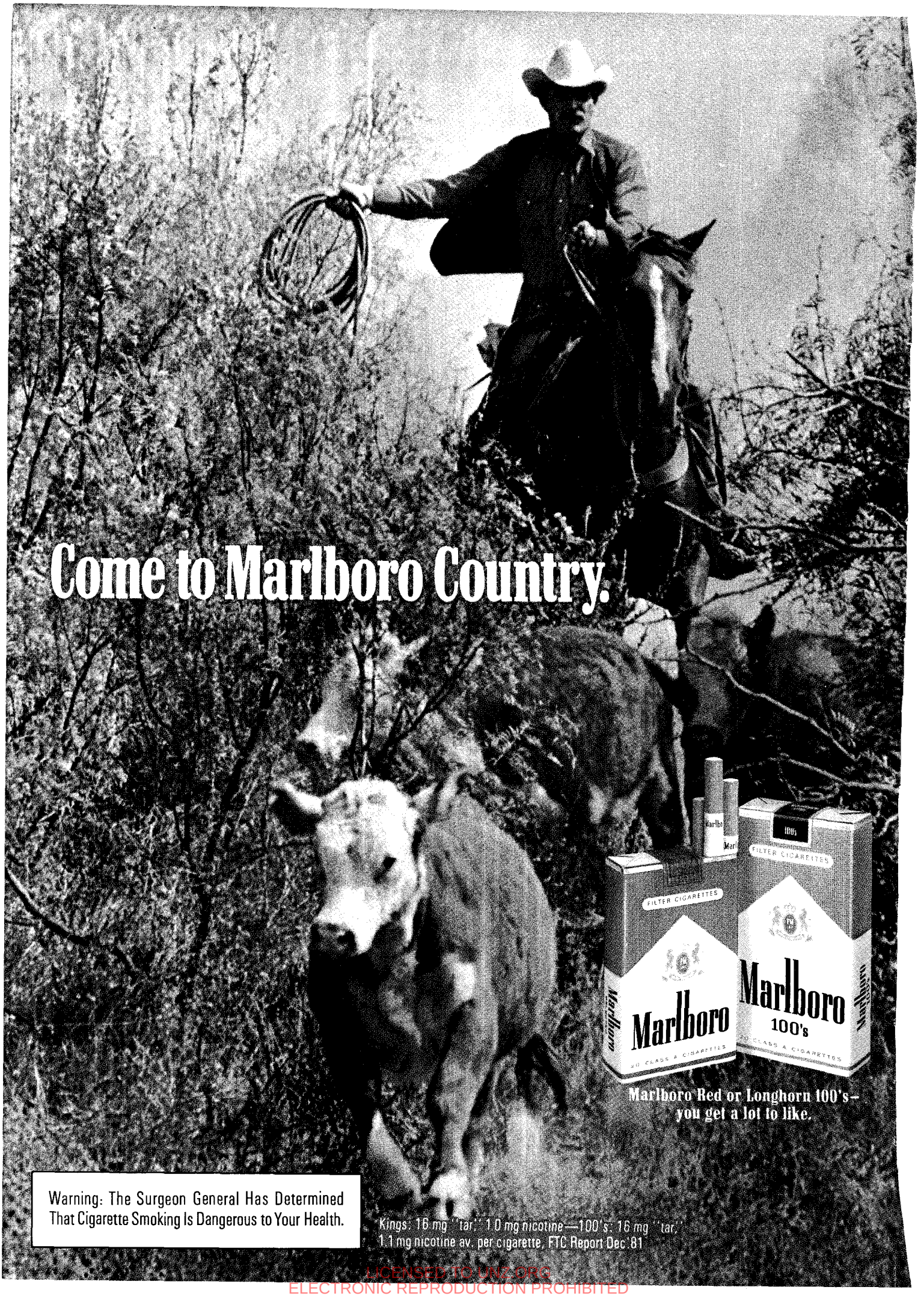
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1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

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